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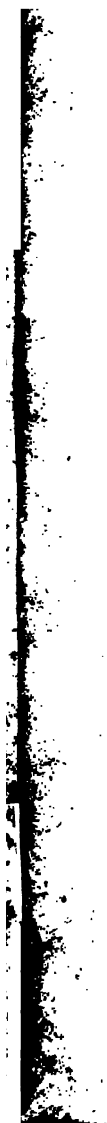
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L O V E
A N D
I A D N E S S;

A STORY TOO TRUE.

I N A
E R I E S O F L E T T E R S,

B E T W E E N

ties whose Names would perhaps be mentioned
were they less known or less lamented.

ERNOR. *"Who did the bloody Deed?"*
ONOKO. *"The Deed was mine.
"Bloody I know it is; and I expect
"Your laws should tell me so. Thus self-condemn'd,
"I do resign myself into their hands;
"The hands of Justice."*

RTWELL. *"If this be not Love, it is Maine's;
and then, it is pardonable."*

OR. 5. 3.

OLD. BAT.

D U B L I N :

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M.DCC.LXXXI.



——— I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall those unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am. Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd, not wisely, but too well :
Of one, not easily jealous : but, being wrought,
Impatient in th' extreme : of one, whose hand,
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe : of one, whose eyes,
Albeit unused to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinal gum.

OTHELLO.

It is not necessary to say any thing by way of *Preface*, than to desire the Reader, who feels an Inclination to censure any of these Letters, will recollect the Persons by and to whom, and the Situations in which, they were written.

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MEMOIRS OF MISS RAY.

(*Not in the London Edition.*)

The following Account of MISS RAY, (said to be written by a Gentleman of this City,) first appeared in the Hibernian Magazine, for April, 1779, and is now, by particular Desire, republished.*

Dublin, 20 Aug. 1780.

*Ille, quis & me, inquit, miseram, & te perditit, Orpheu?
Jamque vale : feror ingenti circumdata nocte,
Invalidasque tibi tendens, heu ! non tua, palmas. VIRG.*

Then thus the fair : what fury seiz'd on thee,
Unhappy man ! to lose thyself and me ?
And now farewell ! involv'd in shades of night,
For ever I am ravish'd from thy sight :
In vain I reach my feeble hands to join
In sweet embraces, ah ! no longer thine ! DRYDEN.

DID we live in the days of knight errantry, when the passion of love inspired its votaries with sentiments which frequently produced the most extraordinary effects, the transactions of which we are now to treat, might pass unnoticed ; but the present polished and enlightened age has exploded as chimerical, ideas which are now to be found but in the rude

* MR. CHRISTOPHER JACKSON.

legends

legends of the middle ages ;—serve to embellish the agreeable fictions of the poets ;—or to work up the wonderful and pathetic of a modern novel.

Illicit love now reigns triumphant, pervading all degrees, from the peer, (we had almost said prince,) to the peasant: obedient to its impulse, or the stronger dictates of interest, the fair ones of the present age submit their mercenary charms; and the men equally distinguished for dissipation and inconstancy, relinquish the happiness of a virtuous union, to violate the marriage bed ;—engage in the laudable pursuits of seduction ;—or revel in the arms of incontinent beauty.

The recent and deplorable act of Mr. Hackman, in whatever point of view it is considered, affords to those who make human nature the object of their study and enquiry, a remarkable incident in its history, — and a query naturally arises, which we shall, however, submit to the casuist ; — “ Whether love and malice to the same object can dwell together in the same breast ? ” Mr. Hackman shot at Miss Ray because he loved her ; but how are we to reconcile the sentiment with the act ? certain it is, that Miss Ray in the premature, and deplorable death, which she received by the hands of her admirer, experienced no less than she could expect or feel from the effects of his most deadly hate *.

That

* After the murder of Miss Ray, two letters were found in Mr. Hackman's pocket ; one, a copy of a letter which he had written

That “enjoyment is the grave of desire,”—is an aphorism in love, better verified by experience than many in Hippocrates or Boerhaave; but, in direct contradiction to a generally received, and well-founded maxim, we find Mr. Hackman, after a long and particular intimacy with Miss Ray, during which she not only encouraged his addresses, but favoured him with that last proof of her esteem, by which those who are best acquainted with the female heart, must acknowledge, that the sincerity of women in matters of love, can only be truly ascertained; as it is also the most trying test of that constancy, which the men are apt to profess, but whose ultimate object is generally possession; and whose attentions and admiration is too frequently found to decrease from the time that object is attained. But Mr. Hackman’s affection is said to have continued unchanged, and his attachment unalterably fixed, from the commencement of their amour, to its final, and fatal termination*.

Notwith-

written to Miss Ray, and the other to his brother-in-law, in Bow-street. The first of these epistles is replete with warm expressions of affection to the unfortunate object of his love, and an earnest recommendation of his passion. The other contains a pathetic relation of the melancholy resolution he had taken, and a confession of the cause that produced it.

* In the reign of the Emperor NERO, OCTAVIUS SAGITTA, tribune of the people, intoxicated with a passion for PONTIA POSTHUMIA, whom he had long enjoyed in the most unbounded degree of illicit intercourse, found his love so increased by possession, that he solicited her, with incessant importunity,

Notwithstanding the elevated situation in which Miss Ray shewn, during the last seventeen years, her first onset in life is involved in an obscurity, from which our most diligent enquiry has been able to collect but very few authentic particulars*. The
distinct-

to marry him, she however framed various delays, and at length renounced all correspondence with him. SAGITTA alternately used complaints and menaces; adjuring her by the reputation which for her he had shipwrecked, by the wealth which upon her he had totally consumed; lastly, he told her, that his life and person was the only fortune left him, and of that too the disposal lay wholly in her breast. At length, perceiving her deaf to all his reasonings, he requested the consolation of one parting night; for that thus calmed and gratified, he would thenceforth be able to govern his passion. The night was granted and named, and POSTIA appointed a maid her confidante to secure the chamber. SAGITTA brought with him one freedman, and a dagger concealed under his robe. The interview began, as usual, in combinations of love and anger, with a medley of chiding and beseeching, of reproaches and submission; and part too of the night was devoted to joy and embraces: at last he became enraged with expostulations and despair, and suddenly plunged his dagger into her heart.. — [*Tacitus' Annals, lib. xiii.*]

Nulle sunt inimicitie nisi amoris acerbae. PROPERT.

No enmities so bitter as those which proceed from love.

— “It is,” says MONTAIGNE, “a furious agitation “that throws them back to an ‘extremity quite’ contrary to “its cause.”

* If probable conjecture can be admitted to supply the deficiency of authentic information, it may certainly be made use of in writing the memoirs of a modern courtesan: their lives are
generally

distinctions of family or fortune, so essential to those who would rank in the circles of the great and fashionable world, shed not their lustre on the humble sphere of life in which Miss Ray originally moved; but these adventitious aids, liberal nature amply supplied, by a profusion of her more rare and estimable gifts: the character left us by Sallust of the beautiful, the gay, and accomplished Sempronia, was pe-

generally uniform, however as individuals, they may differ in point of situation, or personal attractions: pleasure and interest are the ultimate objects of their views, and their occupations. But the causes which lead them to swerve from those principles of virtue, which constitute their sex's noblest boast, and brightest ornament, often vary. And first, those who possess that degree of sentiment, sensibility, and delicacy of thinking, which, without a portion of prudence sufficient to direct them in their intercourse with the world, often proves subversive of the virtue, and destructive to the happiness of their owner. These, tho' they are the most estimable, are too the most amiably weak principles of our nature; and men skilled in the arts of seduction, who, Proteus like, can assume the semblance of vice, or virtue, at will; find a peculiar facility in making these qualities the ready instruments to effect the ruin of their possessor. Over such amiable victims, virtue mourns, and sympathy pays the tribute of a tear, to the lamentable fate of sensibility and beauty.

In the second rank may be classed those, who, with perhaps, an equal share of beauty, have hearts which are less susceptible of tender impressions: such form an early and a just estimate of the world; as well as of their own qualities and endowments; acquire the art of displaying these to advantage, by attention to, and a dextrous management of the passions; and foibles of their admirers. Among the latter we shall place Miss Ray.

culiarly

cularly applicable to Miss Ray. ' She was beautiful, excelled in music, singing, and dancing, with language at her command, she could suit it to any occasion ; was modest, alluring, and wanton in it, by turns ; and to sum up all, she had the readiest conception, and a fund of vivacity never to be exhausted.'

Miss Martha Ray was born in the year 1746. Her father, Mr. Jonathan Ray, was formerly a woollen-draper, in Tavistock-court, Covent-garden, London. But his failure in trade, (the consequence, it is said, of Mr. Ray's too great propensity to pleasurable pursuits,) taking place, he did not long survive the misfortune: the prospect of impending poverty, and the poignant reflection of having reduced from a state of affluence and independence, to want and distress, an amiable wife and family, contributed to hasten his death ; soon after which Mrs. Ray, with her two daughters, (of whom Miss Martha Ray is said to have been the youngest,) retired to obscure lodgings in Clerkenwell ; where they continued to reside for a number of years. Mrs. Ray followed the profession of a mantua-maker.

During Miss Ray's residence at Covent-garden, she had constantly attended the amusements of the theatre: to her lively fancy, it then presented peculiar allurements, and she contracted a predilection for it, which she ever after retained. At length, motives of necessity, as well as inclination, induced her to embrace a theatrical life ; and she was scarcely sixteen, at her first appearance as a public singer, on
Covent-

Covent-garden theatre. Tho' young, she already displayed charms, which indicated — beauty ripening into perfection: her person was engaging, and her voice flexible, full, and harmonious; all contributed to the eclat with which her first performance was received; the connoisseurs in beauty, and the critical judges of vocal excellence, were equally unanimous, and flattering, in the praise which they bestowed, and the future excellence which they announced.

In a situation so conspicuous, she soon became the object of general attention; and every day encreased the number of her admirers: (many of whom were professed suitors), among these, Mr. Hackman was distinguished by Miss Ray with peculiar marks of esteem. Mr. Hackman to a fine person, added those captivating graces of address, and conversation; which form an irresistible union, and which rarely fail of making the powerful and favourable impression on a female heart. No wonder then, that whilst motives of mere interest induced Miss Ray to engage in amours with several, who, in rank and fortune, were superior to Mr. Hackman, that he, only should boast of the united possession of her heart and person.

Their connection continued for three years, in an uninterrupted flow of reciprocal enjoyment. Time, that 'clips the wings of love,' perceived no abatement in Mr. Hackman's affections, he doated on Miss Ray to a degree that bordered on an enthusiastick
attach-

attachment : but wishing at once, by the most honourable of ties, to crown and cement his happiness ; he repeatedly proposed marriage to her, which she constantly rejected ; perhaps like Eloisa, (or the celebrated Miss C——, a lady, who, in our days, has adopted the same doctrine, but with better fortune), she held that,

‘ Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,

‘ Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.’ POPE.

But motives more prudential were assigned by Miss Ray ; a tie of children * by a noble lord, high in office, put a bar to their union, and she was determined, in opposition to the most pressing intreaties from Mr. Hackman, to decline matrimony. He being at this time an officer in the army, and necessarily compelled to leave her at times, her absence was of too painful a nature for an affection like his to sustain with fortitude : he again renewed his solicitations to Miss Ray, on the subject, but with no better success than before.

At the commencement of Miss Ray’s connection with Lord S——, she is said to have informed his lordship of her prior acquaintance with Mr. Hackman, and of his situation in life ; and interested herself so effectually in Mr. Hackman’s favour, that she obtained from his lordship a promise of promoting in

* Miss Ray had five children by his lordship, one of which, a fine youth of sixteen, is now a lieutenant in the navy ; and served under Sir Hugh Palliser, in the Formidable, during the action of the 27th July last.

the

the utmost extent, Mr. Hackman's advancement in the church†, which, however opposite to the military profession

† The influence of Miss Ray over her noble keeper was extreme; and it is said, that many who now possess lucrative and honourable posts, in the ecclesiastical, civil, and military departments, are indebted to her mediation for their advancement. It has even been asserted, but with what degree of truth we shall not pretend to determine, that secrets of S— were not reserved from this confidential favourite.—See the ‘Political Duenna,’ published a few months since; the satirical author of which, under the name of Clara Raymond, first introduced her history to the world: the reader may form, from the following scene, no incomplete idea of the unfortunate lady's domestic character, and conduct, as well as that of her fond Limberham.

Enter Twitcher.

Well,—this girl is the plague of my life,—my punishment by day, and my torment by night.—Yet, spite of age, and impotence, I love her,—and—

SONG. Tune.—By him we love offended.

When those we love enrage us,

How soon our passion flies!

The slut can re-engage us,

And kill us with her eyes!

Last night, the little gipsy

I bid depart my house;

She told me I was tipsy,

Nor valued me a souse.

Yet, were she now to enter,

And catch me in this place:

I fear I scarce could venture,

To look upon her face.

When those we love, &c.

The

profession, was considered by the latter as the most
eligible line he could engage in ; and as presenting
the

The little, artful baggage,
Has often said she lov'd ;
And tho' next hour she wrong'd me,
I told her I approv'd.

That all she did was charming,
So long as she was kind ;
When with a song she pays me,
Her faults are thrown behind.

Enter Clara Raymond.

Clara. Where is this tyrant keeper of mine ? this lord of anchors and cables ? this emperor of the dock yards ?—O ! are you there ?—You sneaking, pimping, incapable—Oh ! I could tear your eyes out, you old goat ! you a peer !—you are nothing but the pander of your own vices ; like Chartres, you have long deserved the gallows, for what you have done, and what you cannot do.

Twitcher. Soft, my Clara,—softly, I beseech thee,—a piano note, my lovely girl. Thou knowest I cannot bear that thundering sound.—Come, Clara, buns and be friends.—Sing me a song, you little devil.

Clara. Not I truly,—I'll neither kiss nor sing. (peevishly.)

Twitcher. Indeed but you must, my Clara.

Clara. Buy me the diamond necklace then.

Twit. I would, if I could spare cash ;—but upon my honour—

Clara. O ! curse your honour,—I'll have none on't.—The necklace, Sir, or the ready money,—or I'm off,—positively off. Why I was better off when I was a mantua maker in Clerkenwell, than I am with you, cruel and unkind that you are.—(weeps.)

Twitcher. Nay, my lovely girl, I cannot bear those tears,—here,—here,—take this bill for a hundred ; and thou shalt have
the

the greatest probability of speedy preferment. Shortly after, he quit the military habit, and assumed that of
of
the remainder to-morrow : damn it, what signifies mincing the matter,—I must squeeze the chest at Chatham.

SONG. Tune,—How oft, Louisa, &c.

How oft, my Clara, hast thou said,
(The fondness of thy heart to prove,)
That Twitcher was thy dearest friend,
Nor would'st thou seek another love.

And by those lips that sweetly swore,
And by those eyes that shine so bright,
I ne'er lov'd woman so before,
For Clara is my soul's delight.

Then let me press those ruby lips,
And on that lovely breast repose,
Exhaling fragrance from thy breath;
Fragrance that far excels the rose.

Thus let us spend the livelong day,
And thus the tedious nights beguile;
The cares of state I shall not feel,
So Clara sing, and Clara smile !

Clara. Why, aye, this is something like breeding ; a complimentary song, and a hundred guineas : but I must have the rest to-morrow.

Twitcher. Positively.—But give me one song, my charmer.

Clara. I believe I have a little piece you have not yet heard, and you are such a bewitching devil there is no refusing you any thing.

SONG. Tune.—Adieu thou dreary pile.

Farewel all angry thoughts, for Twitcher loves,
And by the solid gold his passion proves !

At

of the canonical ; it may, however, be observed, that no resolutions of celibacy, no sentiments of mortification, accompanied or dictated the transition ; the violent passions of the lover, and those objects which constitute the pursuit of a man of the world, still retained their ascendancy.

Mr. Hackman still continued to solicit Miss Ray to agree to their marriage ; she, at length, wearied out by these importunities, is said to have withdrawn herself wholly from him. This resolution Miss Ray had adhered to, for upwards of five years, during which time Mr. Hackman, with all the ardour and solicitous importunity of the most passionate lover, was constant in his applications to Miss Ray, both in person and by letter : this is said to have produced a meeting very lately between them ; the consequence of which was a quarrel, and her forbidding him ever to apply to, or think of her more ; she then took a final leave of him.

At home, your virtuous fools may mooping stay ;
Give me the ball, the opera, and the play !
Cornely's groves, which fan each soft desire,

And so, your servant, my lord ; I'm engag'd to-night with a private party.

[Exit Clara.

Twitcher, solus.

Enchanting devil !—This girl would be the utter ruin of me, at seventy years of age, if my fortune was not already dissipated, and my character lost beyond recovery.—But I must now to business ; and try how to raise a sum, by advancing some worthless scoundrel over the head of a hundred men of merit.

END OF THE MEMOIRS.

L O V E
A N D
M A D N E S S, &c.

L E T T E R I.

To Miss —.

Huntingdon, Dec. 4, 1774.

Dear M.

T E N thousand thanks for your billet by my corporal Trim yesterday. The fellow seemed happy to have been the bearer of it, because he saw it made *me* happy. He will be as good a foldier to Cupid as to Mars, I dare say. And Mars and Cupid are not now to begin their acquaintance, you know.

B Whichever

Whichever he serves, you may command him of course, without a compliment; for Venus, I need not tell *you*, is the mother of Cupid, and mistress of Mars.

At present the drum is beating up under my window for volunteers to Bacchus—In plain English, the drum tells me dinner is ready; for a drum gives us bloody-minded heroes an appetite for eating, as well as for fighting; nay we get up by the beat of it, and it every night sends, or ought to send us, to bed and to sleep. To-night it will be late before I get to one or the other, I fancy—indeed, the thoughts of you would prevent the latter. But, the next disgrace to refusing a challenge, is refusing a toast. The merit of a jolly fellow and of a sponge is much about the same. For my part, no glass of any liquor tastes as it should to me, but when I kiss my M. on the rim.

Adieu—Whatever hard service I may have after dinner, no quantity of wine shall make me yet drop or forget my appointment with you to-morrow. We certainly
were

were not seen yesterday, for reasons I will give you.

Though you should persist in never being mine,

Ever, ever

Your's.

L E T T E R II.

To the Same.

Huntingdon, Dec. 6, 1775.

My dearest M.

No—I will not take advantage of the sweet, reluctant, amorous confession which your candour gave me yesterday.. If to make me happy be to make my M. otherwise; then, happiness, I'll none of thee.

And yet I *could* argue. Suppose he *has* bred you up—Suppose you *do* owe your numerous accomplishments, under genius, to him—are you therefore his property? Is it as if a horse that he has bred up should refuse to carry him? Suppose you therefore

are his property——Will the fidelity of so many years weigh nothing in the scale of gratitude?

Years——why, can obligations (suppose they had *not* been repaid an hundred fold) do away the unnatural disparity of years? Can they bid five-and-fifty stand still (the least that you could ask), and wait for five-and twenty? Many women have the same obligations (if indeed there be many of the *same* accomplishments) to their fathers. They have the additional obligation to them (if, indeed, it be an obligation) of existence. The disparity of years is sometimes even less. —But, must they therefore take their fathers to their bosoms? Must the jessamine fling its tender arms around the dying elm?

To my little fortunes you are no stranger. Will you share them with me? And you shall honestly tell his lordship that gratitude taught you to pay every duty to him, till love taught you there were other duties which you owed to H.

Gracious

Gracious Heaven that you *would* pay them!

But did I not say I would not take advantage? I will not. I will even remind you of your children; to whom I, alas, could only shew at present the *affection* of a father.

M. weigh us in the scales. If gratitude out-balance love—so.

If you command it, I swear by love, I'll join my regiment to-morrow.

If love prevail, and insist upon his dues; you shall declare the victory and the prize. I *will* take no advantage.

Think over this. Neither will I take you by surprise. *Sleep upon it*, before you return your answer. Trim shall make the old excuse to-morrow. And, thank Heaven! to-night you sleep alone.

Why did you sing that sweet song yesterday, though I so pressed you? Those words and your voice, were too much.

No words can say how much I am your's.

L E T T E R III.

To Mr. ———.

H.
Dec. 7th 1775.

My dear H.

HERE has been a sad piece of work ever since I received your's yesterday. But, don't be alarmed—We are not discovered to the prophane. Our tender tale is only known to—(whom does your fear suggest?)—to love and gratitude, my H. And they ought both for twenty reasons, to be *your* friends, I am sure.

They have been trying your cause, ever since the departure of honest Trim yesterday. Love, though in my opinion not so blind, is as good a justice, as Sir John Fielding. I argued the matter stoutly—my head on his lordship's side of the question, my heart on your's. At last they seemed to say, as if the oath of allegiance, which I had taken to gratitude, at a time when, Heaven knows, I had never heard of love,
should

should be void, and I should be at full liberty to devote myself, body and soul, to —But call on me to-morrow before dinner, and I'll tell you their final Judgment. This I will tell you now—love sent you the tenderest wishes, and gratitude said I could never pay you all I owe you for your noble letter of yesterday.

Yet—oh, my H. think not meanly of me ever for this——Do not you turn advocate against me——I will not pain you ——'tis impossible you ever should.

Come then to-morrow—and surely Omiah will not murder love! Yet I thought the other day he caught our eyes conversing. Eyes speak a language all can understand. ——But, is a child of nature to nip in the bud that favourite passion which his mother Nature planted, and still tends?—What will Oberea and her coterie say to this, Omiah, when you return from making the tour of the globe? They'll black-ball you, depend on it.

What would Rousseau say to it, my H.?

You shall tell me to-morrow. I will

be upon me. I should be drummed out of my regiment for a traitor to intrigue. And can you really imagine I think so meanly of your sex! Surely you cannot imagine I think so meanly of you. Why, then, the conclusion of your last letter but one? A word thereon.

Take men and women in the lump, the villainy of those and the weakness of these—I maintain it to be less wonderful that an hundred or so should fall in the world, than that even one should stand. Is it strange the serpent-conquered Eve? The devil against a woman is fearful odds. He has conquered men, womens' conquerors; he he has made even angels fall.

Oh, then, ye parents, be merciful in your wrath. Join not the base betrayers of your children—drive not your children to the bottom of the precipice, because the villains have driven them half way down, where (see, see!) many have stopped themselves from falling further by catching hold of some straggling virtue or another which decks the steep-down rock. Oh, do not
force

force their weak hands from their hold—their last, last hold! The descent from crime to crime is natural, perpendicular, headlong enough, of itself—do not increase it.

“ Can women, then, no way but backward fall ? ”

Shall I ask your pardon for all this, M. ?
No, there is no occasion, you say.

But to-morrow—for *to-morrow* led me out of my strait path, over this fearful precipice, where I, for my part, trembled at every step I took, lest I should topple down headlong. Glad am I to be once more on *plain* ground again with my M. !

To-morrow, about eleven, I'll be with you—but, let me find you in your riding dress, and your mare ready. I have laid a plan, to which neither honour nor delicacy (and I always consult both before I propose any thing to *you*) can make the least objection. This once, trust to me—I'll explain all to-morrow. Pray be ready, in your *riding-dress* ! Need I add, in that you know
I think

I think becomes you most? No—Love would have whispered that.

Love shall be of our party—He shall not suffer the cold to approach you—he shall spread his wings over your bosom—he shall nestle in your dear arms—he shall—

When will to-morrow come? What torturing dreams must I not bear to-night!

I send you some lines which I picked up somewhere—I forget where. But I don't think them much amiss.

CELIA'S PICTURE.

To paint my Celia, I'd devise
 Two summer suns, in place of eyes;
 Two lunar orbs should then be laid
 Upon the bosom of the maid;
 Bright Berenice's auburn hair
 Should, where it ought, adorn my fair;
 Nay all the signs in heaven should prove
 But tokens of my wondrous love.
 All, did I say? Yes, all, save one——
 Her yielding waist should want a Zone.

LETTER

L E T T E R V.

To the Same.

Huntingdon, 8th Dec. 1775.

THEN I release my dearest soul from her promise about to-day. If you do not see that all which *he* can claim by gratitude, I doubly claim by love; I have done, and will for ever have done. I would purchase my happiness at any price but at the expence of your's.

Look over my letters, think over my conduct, consult your own heart, and read these two long letters of your writing, which I return you. Then, tell me whether we love or not. And—if we love (as witness both our hearts)—shall gratitude, *cold* gratitude, bear away the heavenly prize that's only due to love like our's? shall my right be acknowledged, and must he possess the casket? Shall I have your soul, and shall he have your hand, your eyes, your bosom, your lips, your—

Gracious

Gracious God of Love! I can neither write, nor think. Send one line, half a line, to

your own, own

H.

L E T T E R VI.

To Mr. H——.

H. 10 Dec. 75.

YOUR two letters of the day before yesterday, and what you said to me yesterday in my dressing-room, have drove me mad. To offer to sell out, and take the other step to get money for us both, was not kind. You know how such tenderness distracts me. As to marrying me, that you should not do upon any account. Shall the man I value be pointed at and hooted for selling himself to a Lord, for a commission, or some such thing, to marry his cast mistress? My soul is above my situation.—Besides, I will not take advantage, Mr. H., of what may be only perhaps (excuse me) a youth-

a youthful passion. After a more intimate acquaintance with me of a week or ten days, your opinion of me might very much change. And yet—you may love *me* as sincerely as I—

But I will transcribe you a song which I don't believe you ever heard me sing, though it's my favourite. It is said to be an old Scots ballad—nor is it generally known that Lady A. L. wrote it. Since we have understood each other, I never sung it before you, because it is so descriptive of our situation—how much more so since your cruelly kind proposal of yesterday! I wept, like an infant, over it this morning. /

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

The sheep were in the fold, and the cows were all
at home,
And all the weary world to rest was gone,
When the woes of my heart brought the tear in
mine e'e,
While my good man lay sound by me.

Young

Young Jamie lov'd me well, and he fought me for
his bride,

He had but a crown, he had no more beside ;
To make the crown a pound, young Jamie went
to sea,

And the crown and the pound, they were both for
me.

He had na been gone but a year and a day,
When my father broke his arm, and our cow was
stole away ;

When my mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the
sea,

And Auld Robin Gray came wooing to me.

My father could na work, and my mother could na
spin,

I toiled night and day, but their bread I could na
win ;

Auld Rob maintained them both, and with tears in
his e'e,

Said, " Jenny for their sakes, oh ! marry me."

My heart it said no, and I wish'd for Jamie back,
But the wind it blew fore, and his ship it prov'd a
wreck ;

His ship prov'd a wreck : ah ! why did not Jenny
dee ?

Why was she left to cry—" Ah, woe is me !"

My

My father argu'd fore; though my mother did na
speak;

She look'd in my face till my heart was fit to break;
So auld Robin got my hand—but my heart was in
the sea,

—— And now Robin Gray is goodman to me.

I had na been a wife but of weeks only four,
When sitting right mournfully out at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghost, for I could na think 'twas
he,

Till he said, "Jenny, I'm come home to marry
thee."

Sore did we weep, and little did we say,
We took but one kiss—and we tore ourselves away;
I wish I was dead, but I am not like to dee,
And oh! I am young to cry—"Ah, woe is me!"

I gang like a ghost, and I do not care to spin,
I fain would think on Jamie, but that would be a
fin;

I must e'en do my best a good wife to be,
For auld Robin Gray has been kind to me.

My poor eyes will only suffer me to add,
for God's sake, let me seee my *Jamie* to-
morrow. Your name also is Jamie.

L E T-

L E T T E R VII.

To Miss.——.

Huntingdon,
13 Dec. 75.

My life and soul !

But I will never more use any preface of this sort—And I beg you will not. A correspondence begins with dear, then my dear, dearest, my dearest, and so on, 'till, at last, panting language toils after us in vain.

No language can explain my feelings. Oh M. yesterday, yesterday! Language, thou liest—there is no such word as *satiety*, positively no such word.—Oh, thou beyond my warmest dreams bewitching! what charms! what—

But words would poorly paint our joys. When, when?—yet you shall order, govern every thing. Only remember, I am *sure* of those we trust.

Are you now convinced that Heaven made us for each other? By that Heaven,
by

by the paradise of your dear arms, I will be only yours!

Have I written sense? I know not what I write. This scrap of paper ('tis all I can find) will hold a line or two more. I must fill it up to say that, whatever evils envious fate design me, after those few hours of yesterday, I never will complain nor murmur.

Misfortune, I defy thee now.—M. loves me, and H.'s soul has its content most absolute. No other joy like this succeeds in unknown fate.

L E T T E R VIII.

To the Same.

Huntingdon,
24 Dec. 1775.

TALK not to me of the new year. I am a new man. I'll be sworn to it I am not the same identical J. H. that I was three months ago. You have created me—yes, I know what I say—created me anew.

As to thanking you for the bliss I taste
with

with you—to attempt it would be idle. What thanks can express the heaven of heavens——

But I will obey you in not giving such a loose to my pen as I gave the day before yesterday. That letter and the verses it contained, which were certainly too highly coloured, pray commit to the flames. Yet, pray too, as I begged you yesterday, do not imagine I thought less chaste of you because I wrote them. By Heaven, I believe your mind as chaste as the snow which, while I write, is driving against my window. You know not *what* I think of you. One time perhaps you may.

The lines I repeated to you this morning, I send you. Upon my honour they are not mine. I think of them quite as you do. Surely an additional merit in them is, that to the uninitiated, in whom they might perhaps raise improper ideas, they are *totally unintelligible*.

LET-

L E T T E R IX.

To Mr. —.

H.

Christmas-day, 75.

MY old friend the Corporal looked as if he had been tarred and feathered yesterday, when he arrived with your *dear* billet. Omiah took up the sugar-caster, when he saw him through the parlour window, and powdered a fresh slice of pudding, by way of *painting* the snowy Corporal. Omiah's simplicity is certainly very diverting, but I should like him better, and take more pains with him, if I did not think he suspected something. The other day, I am sure he came to spy the nakedness of the land. Thank Heaven, our caution prevented him.

But, why do I call your billet *dear*, when it contained such poetry? Yet, to confess the truth, it *did* charm me. And I know not, whether as you say, those, to whom it could do any harm, could possibly under-
stand

stand it. For *uninitiated* means, I believe, not yet admitted into the mysteries—those who have not yet taken the veil; or, I should rather say, those who have not yet thrown off the veil. Why was I not permitted by my destiny to keep on mine, till my H. my *Mars seized me in his ardent arms*? How gladly to *his* arms would I have given up my very soul!

Cruel fortune, that it can't be so to-day! But we forgot when we fixed on to-day, that it would be Christmas-day. I must do penance at a most *unpleasant* dinner, as indeed is every meal and every scene when you are absent—and that, without the consolation of having first enjoyed your company. To-morrow, however, at the usual time and place. Your discontinuing your visits here, since the first day of our happiness, gratifies the delicacy of us both. Yet, may it not, my H., raise suspicions elsewhere? Your agreeable qualities were too conspicuous not to make you missed. Yet, *you* are the best judge.

My poor, innocent, helpless babes!
Were it not on your account, your mother
would

would not *act* the part she does.—What is Mrs. Yates's sustaining a character well for one evening? Is it so trying as to play a part, and a base one too, morning, noon, and night?—*Night!* But I will not make my H. uneasy.

At least, allow that I have written you a long scrawl. Behold, I have sent you a tolerable good substitute for myself. It is reckoned very like. I need not beg you not to shew it. Only remember, the painter's M. is not to rob your own M. of a certain quantity of things called and known by the name of kisses, which I humbly conceive to be her due, though she has been disappointed of them to-day.

So, having nothing further to add at present, and the post being just going out, I remain with all truth,

Dear Sir,

Your most humble servant,

M.

There's

There's a pretty conclusion for you. Am I not a good girl? I shall become a most elegant correspondent in time, I see. This paragraph is the postscript, you know—and should therefore have been introduced by a well flourished P. S. the Sir Clement Cottrel upon these occasions.

L E T T E R X.

To Miss——.

Huntingdon,
28 Dec. 75.

Your condescension in removing my most *groundless* cause of jealousy yesterday, was more than I deserved. How I exposed myself by my violence with you! But, I tell you my passions are all gunpowder. Though, thank God, no Othello, yet am I

“ One not easily jealous; but, being wrought,

“ Perplex'd in th' extreme;”

And that God knows how I love you, worship you, idolize you.

How

How *could* I think you particular to such a thing as B? You said you forgave me to-day, and I hope you did. Let me have it again^l from your own dear lips to-morrow, instead of the next day. Every thing shall be ready—and the guitar, which I wrote for, is come down, and I'll bring the song and you shall sing it, and play it, and I'll beg you to forgive me, and you shall forgive me, and,—five hundred and besides.

Why, I would be jealous of this sheet of paper, if you kissed it with too much rapture.

What a fool!—No, my M., rather say—what a lover!

Many thanks for your picture. It *is* like. Accept this proof that I have examined it.

'Tis true, creative man, thine art can teach
The living picture every thing but speech!—
True, thou hast drawn her, as she is, all fair,
Divinely fair! her lips, her eyes, her hair!

C

Full

Full well I know the smile upon that face—
Full well I know those features' every
grace!

But what is this—my M.'s mortal part—
There *is* a subject beggars all thine art :
Paint but her *mind*, by Heav'n ! and thou
shalt be,

Shalt be my more than pagan deity.—
Nature may possibly have cast, of *old*,
Some other beauty in as fair a mould—
But all in vain you'll search the world to
find

Another beauty with so fair a mind.

L E T T E R XI.

To the Same.

Huntingdon, 1 Jan. 1776.

LEST I should not see you this morning,
I will scribble this before I mount honest
Crop ; that I may leave it for you.

This is a new year. May every day of
it be happy to my M. May—but don't
you

you know there's not a wish of bliss I do not wish you?

A *new* year—I like not this world. There may be new lovers.—I lie—there may not. M. will never change her H. I am sure she'll never change him for a truer lover.

A new year—76. Where shall we be in 77? Where in 78? Where in 79? Where in 80?

In misery or bliss, in life or death, in heaven or hell—wherever *you* are there may H. be also!

The soldier whom you desired me to beg off, returns thanks to his unknown benefactress.—Discipline must be kept up in our way; but I am sure you will do me the justice to believe I am no otherwise a friend to it.

L E T T E R XII.

To the Same.

Huntingdon, Feb. 8, 1776.

SINCE the thaw sent me from H. the day before yesterday, I have written four times to you, and believe verily I shall write four-and-forty times to you in the next four days. The bliss I have enjoyed with you these three weeks has increased, not diminished, my affection. Three weeks and more in the same house with my M. !—'Twas more than I deserved. And yet, to be obliged to resign you every night to another !—By these eyes, by your still dearer eyes, I don't think I slept three hours during the whole three weeks. Yet, yet, *'twas* bliss. How lucky, that I was pressed to stay at H. the night the snow set in ! Would it had snowed till doomsday ! But, then, you must have been *his* every night till doomsday. Now, my happy time may come.

Though

Though I had not strength to resist when under the same roof with you, ever since we parted, the recollection that it was *his* roof has made me miserable. Whimsical, that he should bid *you* press me, when I at first refused his sollicitation.—Is H. guilty of a breach of hospitality ?

I must not question—I must not think, I must not write.—But, we will meet as we fixed.

Does Robin Gray suspect?—Suspect! And is H. a subject for suspicion ?

L E T T E R XIII.

To the Same.

Huntingdon, 16 Feb. 1776.

EVERY time I see you I discover some new charm, some new accomplishment. Before Heaven, there was not a tittle of flattery in what I told you yesterday. Nothing *can* be flattery which I say of you, for

no invention, no poetry, no any thing can come up to what I *think* of you.

One of our Kings said of the citizens of his good city of London, that when he considered their riches, he was in admiration at their understandings—when he considered their understandings, he was in admiration at their riches. Just so do I with regard to your person and your mind, but for a different reason.—Nature was in one of her extravagant moods when she put you together. She might have made two captivating women out of you—by my soul, half a dozen! Your turn for music, and excellence in it, would be a sufficient stock of charms for the most disagreeable woman to set up with in life. Music has charms to do things most incredible, music—

Now shall I, with the good-humoured, digressive pen of our favourite Montaigne in his entertaining Essays, begin with love, and end with a treatise upon the Gamut.

Yet to talk of music, is to talk of you. M. and music are the same. What is music
without

without you? And harmony has turned your mind, your person, your every look, and word, and action.

Observe—when I write to you I never pretend to write sense. I have no head; you have made me all heart, from top to bottom. Sense—why, I am out of my senses, and have been these six weeks. Were it possible my scrawls to you could ever be read by any one but you, I should be called a madman. I certainly am either curst or blest (I know not which) with passions wild as the torrent's roar. Notwithstanding I take this simile from water, the element out of which I am formed, is fire. Swift had water in his brain: I have a burning coal of fire: your hand can light it up to rapture, rage, or madness. Men, real men, have never been wild enough for my admiration: it has wandered into the ideal world of fancy. Othello (but he should have put *himself* to death in his wife's sight, *not* his wife), Zanga, are *my heroes*. Milk-and-water passions are like senti-

mental comedy. Give me (you see, how, like your friend Montaigne, I strip myself of my skin, and shew you all my veins and arteries even the playing of my heart) —give *me*, I say, tragedy, affecting tragedy, in the world, as well as in the theatre.— I would massacre all mankind sooner than lose you.—

—This is mere madness ;

And thus, a while. the fit will work on him ;

Anon, as patient as the female dove

When that her golden couplets are disclosed,

His silence will sit drooping.

Inconsistent being ! While I am ranting thus about tragedy, and blood, and murder —behold, I am as weak as a woman. My tears flow at but the idea of losing you. Yes, they don't drop only ; they pour ; I sob, like a child. Is this Othello, is this Zanga ? We know not what we are, nor what we may become.

This

This I know, that I am and ever will be
your's and only your's.

I send you Ossian. You will see what a favourite he is with me, by some drawings, and pieces of (what your partiality will call) poetry, which accompany the bard of other times. Should you quit this world before me, which fate forbid, often shall I hear your spirit (if I can be weak enough to survive you) calling me from the low-falling cloud of night.—They abuse Macpherson for calling them translations. If he alone be the author of them, why does he not say so, and claim the prize of fame; I protest *I* would. They who do not refuse their admiration to the compositions, still think themselves justified to abuse Macpherson, for pretending *not* to be the author of what they still admire. Is not this strange?

As we could not meet this morning (how long must our meetings depend on others, and not on ourselves?) I was determined,

you see, to have a long conversation with you.

Pray seal, in future, with better wax, and more care. Something colder than one of my kisses might have thawed the seal of yesterday. But I will not talk of *thawing*. Had the frost and snow continued, I had still been with you at H.

The remainder of this (my second sheet of paper, observe) shall be filled with what I think a valuable curiosity. The officer, whom you saw with me on Sunday, is lately come from America. He gave it me, and assures me it is original. It will explain itself. Would I might be in your dear, little, enchanted dressing-room, while you read it!

The Speech of a Shawanese Chief, to Lord Dunmore.

“ I appeal to any white man to-day, if ever he entered Logan’s cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat; if he ever came cold or naked, and I gave him not clothing.
During

During the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle, ignominious, in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love of the Whites, that those of mine own country pointed at me as they passed by, and said, "Logan is the friend of white men." I had even thought to live with you. But the injuries of one among you, did away that thought, and dragged me from my cabin of peace. Colonel Cressop, the last spring, in cold blood, cut off all the relations of Logan, sparing neither women nor children. There runs not a drop of the blood of Logan in the veins of any human creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it. I have killed many. Revenge has been fully glutted.

"For my country—I rejoice at the beams of peace. But, harbour not the thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn his heel to save his life.

"Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one."

LET-

L E T T E R XIV.

To the Same.

Huntingdon, 22d Feb. 1776.

How silly we were, both of us, not to recollect your favourite Jenny? and did not Jamie think of her either?

——“ Though my mother did na speak,
She look'd in my face, till my heart was fit to
break.”

Was not this exactly the instance we wanted?

Something more has occurred to me on the same subject. Rather than not write to you, or than write to you as *descriptively* as recollection sometimes tempts me, I know you would have me write nonsense.

In Hervey's “ Meditations ” are two passages as fine as they are simple and natural.

“ A beam or two finds its way through
“ the grates, and reflects a feeble glimmer
“ from

“ from the nails of the coffins.”—“ Should
 “ the haggard skeleton lift a clattering
 hand—.” In the latter, I know not whether the epithet *haggard* might not be spared.

Governor Holwell, in the account of the sufferings at the black hole at Calcutta, when he speaks of the length of time he supported nature by catching the drops, occasioned by the heat, which fell from his head and face, adds these words—“ You cannot imagine how unhappy I was when any one of them escaped my tongue!” What a scene! The happiness, the existence of a fellow creature, dependent upon being able to catch a drop of his own sweat! Shakespeare’s fancy could not have invented, nor ever did invent, any thing more sublime; for this is nature, and nature itself is sublimity.—People write *upon* a particular situation, they do not put themselves *in* the situation. We only see the writer, sitting in his study, and working up a story to amuse or to frighten; not the
 identical

identical Tom Jones, nor Macbeth himself.

Can you become the very being you describe? Can you look round, and mark only that which strikes in your new character, and forget all which struck in your own? Can you bid your comfortable study, be the prison of innocence or the house of mourning? Can you transform your garret of indigence into the palace of pleasure? If you cannot, you had better clean shoes, than endeavour by writings to interest the imagination. We cannot even bear to see an author only peeping over the top of every page, to observe how we like him. The player I would call a corporal actor, the writer a mental actor. Garrick would in vain have put his face and his body in all the situations of Lear, if Shakespeare had not before put his mind in them all. In a thousand instances, we have nothing to do but to copy nature, if we can only get her to fit our pencil. And yet—how few of
the

the most eminent masters are happy enough to hit off her difficult face exactly !

Every person of taste would have been certain that Mr. Holwell was one of the sufferers in the black hole, only from the short passage I have noticed.

Robinson Crusoe now—what nature ! It affects us throughout, exactly in the way you mentioned.

But, shall I finish my dissertation ? Come—as writing to you gives me so much pleasure, and as I can't do any thing to you but write this morning—I know you'll excuse me.

Did you ever hear to what Crusoe owed his existence ? You remember Alexander Selkirk's strange sequestration at Juan Fernandez. It is mentioned, I believe, in Walter's account of Anson's Voyage. When Captain Woodes Rogers met with him and brought him to England, he employed the famous Daniel de Foe to revise his papers. That fertile genius improved upon his materials, and composed the celebrated

brated story of Robinson Crusoe. The consequence was that Selkirk, who soon after made his appearance in print, was considered as a bastard of Crusoe, with which spurious offspring the press too often teems. In De Foe, undoubtedly, this was not honest. Had Selkirk given him his papers, there could have been no harm in working them up his own way. I can easily conceive a writer making his own use of a known fact, and filling up the outlines which have been sketched by the bold and hasty hand of fate. A moral may be added, by such means, to a particular incident; characters may be placed in their just and proper lights; mankind may be amused, (and amusements sometimes prevent crimes) or, if the story be criminal mankind may be bettered, through the channel of their curiosity. But, I would not be dishonest, like De Foe; nor would I pain the breast of a single individual connected with the story.

To explain what I mean by a criminal story.—Faldoni and Teresa might have
been

been prevented from making profelytes, if they ever have made any, by working up their most affecting story so as to take off the edge of the dangerous example. But not in the way Mr. Jerningham has done it; who tells us, not less intelligibly than pathetically,

All-ruling love, the god of youth possess'd
Entire dominion of Faldoni's breast :

An equal flame did symphany impart

(A flame destructive) to Teresa's heart :

As on one stem two opening flowers re-
spire,

So grew their life (entwin'd) on one desire.

Are you not charmed? Perhaps you never saw the poem. I have it here and will bring it you as a curiosity : the melancholy tale will not take up three words, though Mr. J. has bestowed upon it 335 melancholy lines. The catastrophe happen'd near Lyons, in the month of June, 1770. Two lovers (Faldoni and Teresa Meunier)

Meunier) meting with an invincible obstacle to their union, determined to put an end to their existence with pistols. The place they chose for the execution of their terrible project was a chapel that stood at a little distance from the house. They even decorated the altar for the occasion. They paid a particular attention to their own dress. Teresa was dressed in white, with rose-coloured ribbands. The same coloured ribbands were tied to the pistols. Each held the ribband that was fastened to the other's trigger, which they drew at a certain signal.

Arria and Pætus (says Voltaire) set the example, but then it must be considered they were condemned to death by a tyrant. Whereas love was the only inventor and perpetrator of this deed.

Yet, while I talk of taking off the dangerous edge of their example, they have almost lifted me under their bloody banners.—

On

On looking over the sermon I have written, I recollect a curious anecdote of Selkirk.

(By the bye, Wilkes, I suppose, would say, that none but a Scotchman could have lived so many years upon a desert island.)

He tamed a great number of kids for society, and with them and the numerous offspring of two or three cats that had been left with him, he used often to dance.— From all which my inference is this—M. will not surely deprive herself of H's society; but will let him find her *there* to-morrow. Especially, since, in Mr. J.'s *expressive* language,

As on one stem two opening flowers
respire,
So grow our lives entwined on one desire.

LETTER

L E T T E R X V .

To Mr. —.

H. 23 Feb. 76.

Where was you this morning, my life?
I should have been froze to death I believe
with the cold, if I had not been waiting
for *you*. I am uneasy, very uneasy. What
could prevent you? Your own appoint-
ment too. Why not write, if you could
not come?—Then I had a dream last
night, a sad dream, my H.

—————"For thee I fear, my love;
Such ghastly dreams last night surprized my soul."

You may reply, perhaps, with my fa-
vourite Iphis,

Heed not these black illusions of the night,
The mockings of unquiet slumbers."

Alas, I cannot help it. I am a weak
woman, not a soldier.

I thought

I thought you had a duel with a person whom we have agreed never to mention. I thought you killed each other. I not only saw his sword, I *heard* it pass through my H.'s body. I saw you both die? and with you, love and gratitude. Who is there, thought I, to mourn for M.?——Not one!

You may call me foolish; but I am uneasy, miserable, wretched! indeed, indeed I am. For God's sake, let me hear from you.

L E T T E R XVI.

To the Same.

H. 24 Feb. 76.

THAT business, as I told you it would, last night, obliges him to go to town. I am to follow for the winter. Now, my H. for the royal black bob and the bit of chalk; or for any better scheme you'll plan. Let me know, to-morrow, where
you

you think Lady G.'s scheme will be most practicable on the road, and there I'll take care to stop. I take my bible oath I won't deceive you, and more welcome shall you be to my longing arms, than all the dukes or princes in christendom. If I am not happy for one whole night in my life, it will now be your fault.

Is not this kind and thoughtful? Why did it ever occur to you, so often as we have talked of my being obliged to leave this dear place? To me *most* dear, since it has been the icene of my acquaintance, my happiness with H.

But, am I to leave behind me that dearest H.? Surely your recruiting business must be nearly over now. You *must* go to town. Though things can't often be contrived at the A, they may—they *may*?—they *shall* happen elsewhere.

Fail not to-morrow—and do not laugh at me any more about my dream. If it was a proof of my weakness, it was a proof also of my love.

I wish

I wish the day on which I am to set out from hence could be conjured about a month further back or so. Now, you ask *why*? Look in your last year's almanack. Was not the *shortest day* some where about that time? Come, give me a kiss for that, I am sure I deserve it.—Oh! fye Mr. H., not twenty. You are too generous in your payments. I must insist upon returning you the overplus the next time we meet—that is to-morrow, you know.

L E T T E R XVII.

To Miss —.

Huntingdon, 26 Feb. 1776.

WHY will not the wished-for day, or rather night, arrive? And here, I have not seen you since I know not when—not for two whole days.

But I wrote you a long letter yesterday why it would be dangerous to meet; and all in rhyme. The beginning, I assure
you,

you was not poetry, but truth——If the conclusion was coloured too highly, you must excuse it. The pencil of love executed it, and the fly rogue will indulge himself sometimes. Let the time come, I'll convince you his pencil did not much exaggerate.

Just now I was thinking of your birthday, about which I asked you the other day. It's droll that your's and mine should be so near together. And thus I observe thereon.

Your poets, cunning rogues, pretend
That men are made of clay ;
And that the heavenly potters make
Some five or six a day.

No wonder, M. I and you
Don't quite detest each other ;
Or that my soul is link'd to your's,
As if it were its brother :

For

For in one year we both were made,
 Nay almost in one day——
 So, ten to one, we both came from
 One common heap of clay.

What ? if I were not cast in near
 So fine a mould as you—
 My heart (or rather, M. *your's*)
 Is tender, fond, and true.

Corporal Trim sets off to-day for our
 head quarters. My plan is laid so, that no
 discovery *can* take place. Gods, that
 two such souls, as your's and mine, should
 be obliged to descend to arts and plans!
 Were it not for your dear sake, I'd scorn
 to do any thing I would not wish disco-
 vered.

D LETTER

L E T T E R XVIII.

To Mr. —.

H. 21 Feb. 1776.

ALL your plans are useless. The Corporal has made his forced march to no purpose. The fates are unkind. It is determined I am to go up *post*. So, we cannot possibly be happy together, as we hoped to have been had our own horses drawn me up, in which case I must have slept upon the road. I am not clear old Robin Gray will not stay and attend me. Why cannot my Jamie? Cruel fortune! But in town we *will* be happy. When, again, shall I enjoy your dear society; as I did during that, to me at least, blessed snow? Nothing but my dear children could prevent our going with Cook to seek for happiness in worlds unknown. There must be some corner of the globe where mutual affection is respected.

Don't

Don't forget to meet me. Scratch out *forget*. I know how much you think of me. Too much for your peace, nay for your health. Indeed my H. you don't look well. Pray be careful!

“ Whatever wounds thy tender health,

“ Will kill thy M.'s too.”

Omiah is in good humour with me again. —What kind of animal should a naturalist expect from a native of Otaheite and an Huntingdonshire dairy-maid? If my eyes don't deceive me, Mr. Omiah will give us a specimen.—Will you bring me some book to-morrow to divert me, as I post it to town—that I may forget, if it be possible, I am posting from you?

L E T T E R XIX.

To Miss——.

Hockerill, 1. March, 1776.

It is your strict injunction that I do not offend you by suffering my pen to speak of last night. I will not, my M. nor should I, had you not enjoined it. You once said a nearer acquaintance would make me change my opinion of you. It has, I *have* changed my opinion. The more I know you, the more chastely I think of you. Notwithstanding last night (what a night!), and our first too, I protest to God, I think of you with as much purity, as if we were going to be married——You take my meaning, I am sure; because they are the thoughts I know you wish me to entertain of you.

You got to town safe, I hope. *One* letter may find me before I shall be able to leave Huntingdon, whither I return to-day; or, at least, to Cambridge. I am a fool about Crop, you know. And I am now
more

more tender of him, because he has carried *you*.—How little did we think that morning we should ever make each other so happy !

Don't forget to write, and don't forget the key, against I come to town. As far as seeing you, I will use it sometimes; but never for an opportunity to indulge our passion. That, positively, shall never again happen under *his* roof. How did we applaud each other for not suffering his walls at H. to be insulted with the first scene of it! And how happy were we both, after we waked from our dream of bliss, to think how often we had acted otherwise, during the time the snow shut me up at H. ! a snow as dear to me, as to yourself.

My mind is torn, rent, with ten thousand thoughts and resolutions about you, and about myself.

When we meet, which shall be as we fixed, I may perhaps mention *one* idea to you.

Pray let us contrive to be together some evening that your favourite Jephtha is performed.

Inclosed

Inclosed is a song, which came into my hands by an accident since we parted. Neither the words nor the music, I take it, will displease you.

Adieu.

S O N G.

When your beauty appears
In its graces and airs,
All bright as an angel new dropp'd from the sky;
At distance I gaze, and am awed by my fears,
So strangely you dazzle my eye!

But when, without art,
Your kind thoughts you impart,
When love runs in blushes thro' every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in
your heart,
Then I know your'e a woman again.

" There's a passion and pride
" In your sex," she replied,
" And thus might I gratify both, I would do;
" As an angel appear to each lover beside,
" But still be a woman to you."

L E T-

L E T T E R XX.

To the Same.

Cannon Coffee-house, Charing-Cross,
17 March, 76.

No further than this can I get from you, before I assure you that every word I said just now came from the bottom of my heart. I never shall be happy, never shall be in my senses, till you consent to marry me. And notwithstanding the dear night at Hockerill, and the other which your ingenuity procured me last week in D. street, I swear by the blifs of blisses, I never will taste it again till you are my wife.

L E T T E R XXI.

To the Same.

Cannon Coffee-house,
17 March, 76.

THOUGH you can hardly have read my last scrawl, I must pester you with another.
I had

I had ordered some dinner ; but I can neither eat, nor do any thing else. “ Mad ! ” — I may be mad, for what I know. I am sure I’m wretched.

For God’s sake, for my life and soul’s sake, if you love me, write directly hither, or at least to-night to my lodging, and say what is that *insuperable* reason on which you dwelt so much. “ Torture shall not force you to marry me.” Did you not say so ? Then you hate me ; and what is life worth ?

Suppose you had not the dear inducement of loving me (*if* you love me ! Damnation blot out that *if* !), and being adored by me—still, do you not wish to relieve yourself and me from the damned parts we act ? My soul was not formed for such meannesses. To steal in at a back door, to deceive, to plot, to lie—Perdition ! the thought of it makes me despise myself.

Your children—Lord S—(If we have not been ashamed of our conduct, why have we cheated conscience all along by “ He ” and “ His,” and “ Old Robin Gray ? ” Oh,
how

how have we descended, M.!) Lord S. I say, cannot but provide for your dear boys. As to your sweet little girl—I will be a father to her, as well as a husband to you. Every farthing I have I will settle on you both. I will—God knows, and you shall find what I will do for you both, when I am able. Good God what would I *not* do!

Write, write; I say, write. By the living God I will have this *insuperable reason* from you, or I will not believe you love me.

L E T T E R XXII.

To Mr. H——.

A. 17 March, 76.

AND does my H. think I wanted such a letter as this to finish my affliction? Oh, my dear Jamie, you know not how you distress me.

And do you imagine I have *willingly* submitted to the artifices to which I have been obliged, for your sake, to descend? What
has

has been *your* part, from the beginning of the piece, to *mine*? I was obliged to act a part even to *you*. It was my business not to let you see how unhappy the artifices, to which I have submitted, made me. And that they did embitter even our happiest moments.

But fate stands between us. We are doomed to be wretched. And I, every now and then, think some terrible catastrophe will come of our connection. "Some dire event," as Storge prophetically says in Jephtha, "hangs o'er our heads;—

" Some woeful song we have to sing

" In misery extreme.—O never, never

" Was my foreboding mind distress'd before

" With such incessant pangs!"

Oh, that it were no crime to quit this world like Faldoni and Teresa! and that we might be happy together in some other world, where gold and silver are unknown!

By

By your hand I could even die with pleasure. I know I could.

“Insuperable reason.” Yes, my H., there is, and you force it from me. Yet, better to tell you, than to have you doubt my love; that love which is now my religion. I have hardly any God but you. I almost offer up my prayers *to* you, as well as *for* you.

Know then, if you was to marry me, you would marry some hundred pounds worth of debts! and *that* you never shall do.

Do you remember a solemn oath you took in one of your letters, when I was down at H.? and how you told me afterwards it *must* be so, because you had so solemnly sworn it?

In the same solemn and dreadful words I swear that I never will marry you, happy as it would make me, while I owe a shilling in the world. Jephtha’s vow is past.

What your letter says about my poor children made me weep; but it shall not make me change my resolution.

It

It is a further reason why I should not.--
 “If I do not marry you, I do not love you!” Gracious powers of love! Does my H. say so? my *not* marrying you is the strongest proof I can give you of my love. And Heaven, you know, has heard my vow. Do *you* respect it, and never tempt me to break it—for not even *you* will *ever* succeed.—Till I have some better portion than debts, I *never* will be your’s.

Then what is to be done? you ask. Why, I’ll tell you, H. Your determination to drop all particular intercourse till marriage has made us one, flatters me more than I can tell you, because it shews me your opinion of me in the strongest light; it almost restores me to my own good opinion. The copy of verses you brought me on that subject, is superior to any thing I ever read. They shall be thy M.’s morning prayer, and her evening song. While you are in Ireland——

Yes, my love, in Ireland. Be ruled by
 me.

me. You shall immediately join your regiment there. You know it is your duty. In the mean time, something may happen. Heaven will not desert two faithful hearts that love like your's and mine. There are joys; there is happiness in store for us yet. I feel there is. And (as I said just now) *while you are in Ireland*, I'll write to you *every* post, *twice* by *one* post, and I'll think of you, and I'll dream of you, and I'll kiss your picture, and I'll wipe my eyes, and I'll kiss it again, and then I'll weep again. And——

Can I give a stronger instance of my regard for you, or a stronger proof that you ought to take my advice, than my thus begging my only joy to leave me? I will not swear I shall survive it; but, I beseech you, go!

Fool that I am—I undo with one hand, all I do with the other. My tears, which drop between every word I write, prevent the effect of my reasoning; which, I am sure, is just.

Be

Be a man, I say—you *are* an angel. Join your regiment ; and, as sure as I love you (nothing can be *more* sure) I will recall you, from what will be banishment as much to me as to you, the first moment I can marry you with honour to myself, and happiness to you.

But, I must not write thus.

Adieu!

Ill suits the voice of love, when glory calls,
And bids thee fellow Jephtha to the field.

L E T T E R XXIII.

To Miss——.

Cannon Coffee-house,
17 March, 1776.

AND I will respect the vow of Jephtha, and I will follow to the field. At least, I will think of it all to-night, for I am sure I shall not sleep, and will let you know the success of my struggle, for a struggle it will be to-morrow. I will wait for you at the same place

place in the park, where I shall see you open the A. door. Should it rain—I'll write. It was my intention to have endeavoured to see you now, but I changed my mind, and wrote this, here; and I am glad I did. We are not in a condition to see each other. Cruel debts! Rather, cruel vow! for, would you but have let me, I would have contrived some scheme about your debts. I *could* form a plan. My Gosport matters—my commission——

Alas, you frown, and I must stop. Why would not fortune smile upon my two lottery tickets? Heaven knows I bought them on your account. Upon the back of one of them I wrote, in case of my sudden death, "this is the property of Miss—." On the back of the other, that it belonged to your daughter.

For what am I still reserved?

L E T-

L E T T E R XXIV.

To Mr——.

A. 19 March, 1776.

WHY, why do you write to me so often? Why do you see me so often? When you acknowledge the necessity of complying with my advice.

You tell me, if I bid you, you'll go. I have bid you, begged you to go.—I *do* bid you go. Go, I conjure you, go! But let us not have any more partings. The last was too, too much. I did not recover myself all day. And your goodness to my little white-headed boy—He made me burst into tears this morning, by talking of the good-natured gentleman, and producing your present.

Either stay, and let our affection discover and ruin us—or go.

{ On the bended knees of love I entreat you, H., my dearest H. to go.

L E T T

L E T T E R XXV.

To Miss——.

Ireland, 26 March, 1776.

IRELAND—England—Good Heavens, that M. should be in one part of the world, and her H. in another ! Will not our destinies suffer us to breathe the same air ? Mine will not, I most firmly believe, let me rest, till they have hunted me to death.

Will you not give me your approbation for obeying you thus ? Approbation ! And is that the coin to pass between *us* ?

Yet, I will obey you further. I will restrain my pen as much as possible. I will scratch the word love out of my dictionary. I will forget—I lie—I never *can*, nor ever *will* forget you, or any thing which belongs to you. But I will, as you wisely advise, and kindly desire me, as much as possible, write on other subjects. Every thing entertaining, that I can procure, I will. I'll *twissify*, and write Tours—or any thing
but

but love-letters. This morning, pardon me: I am unable to trifle; I *must* be allowed to talk of love, of M.

And, when I *am* able, you must allow me to put in a word or two sometimes for myself. To-day, however, I will not make *you* unhappy by telling you how truly so I am.

The truth is—my heart is full; and though I thought, when, I took up my pen, I could have filled a quire of paper with it, I now have not a word to say. Were I sitting by your side now (oh that I were!) I should only have power to recline my cheek upon your shoulder, and to wet your handkerchief with my tears.

My own safety, but for your sake, is the last of my considerations. Our passage was rather boisterous, but not dangerous. Mrs. F. (whom I mentioned to you, I believe, in the letter I wrote just before we embarked) has enabled me to make you laugh with an account of her behaviour; were either of us in a humour to laugh.

Why

Why did you cheat me so about that box?

Had I known, I should find, upon opening it, that the things were for me, I would never have brought it. But that you knew. Was it kind, my M. to give me so many *daily* memorandums of you, when I was to be at such a distance from you? Oh, yes, it was, it was, *most* kind. And that, and you, and all your thousand and ten thousand kindnesses I never will forget. The purse shall be my constant companion, the shirts I'll wear by night, one of the handkerchiefs I was obliged to use in drying my eyes as soon as I opened the box, the——

God, God, bless you in this world—that is, give you your H.—, and grant you an easy passage to eternal blessings in a better world.

H.!

L E T-

L E T T E R XXVI.

To the Same.

Ireland, 8 April, 1776.

YOUR's, dated April the first, would have diverted me, had I been some leagues nearer to you. It contained true wit and humour. I truly thank you for it, because I know with how much difficulty you study for any thing like wit or humour in the present situation of your mind. But you do it to divert me; and it is done for one, who, though he cannot laugh at it, as he ought, will remember it, as he ought—Yet, with what a melancholy tenderness it concluded! *There* spoke your heart.

Your situation, when you wrote it, was something like that of an actress, who should be obliged to play a part in comedy, on the evening of a day which, by some real catastrophe, had marked her out for the capital figure of a real tragedy. Perhaps I have said something like this in the long
letter

letter I have written you since. Never mind.

Pray be careful how you seal your letters. The wax always robs me of five or six words. Leave a space for your seal. Suppose that should be the part of your letter which tells me you still love me. If the wax cover it, I see it not—I find no such expression in your letter,—I grow distracted—and immediately set out for Charing-Cross to ask you whether you do indeed still love me.

In the hospitality of this country I was not deceived. They have a curse in their language, strongly descriptive of it—“May the grass grow at your door!”—The women, if I knew not you, I should find sensible and pretty. But I am deaf, dumb, blind, to every thing, and to every person but you. If I write any more this morning, I shall certainly sin against your commands.

Why do you say nothing of your dear children? I insist upon it you buy my
friend

friend a taw, and two dozen of marbles;
and place them to the account of

Your humble Servant.

L E T T E R XXVII.

To the Same.

Ireland, 20 April, 76.

THANKS for the two letters I received last week. They drew tears from me, but not tears of sorrow.

To my poetry you are much too partial. Never talk of writing poetry for the press. It will not do. Few are they, who like you, can judge of poetry; and, of the judges, few, alas! are just. Juvenal, the Roman Churchill, advises a young man to turn auctioneer, rather than poet. In our days, Christie would knock Chatterton out of all chance in a week.—The Spaniards have a proverb, “He, who cannot make one verse, is a block-head; he who makes more, is a fool.”—Pythagoras you know a little by name. Perhaps
you

ou may not know he was starved to death
 in the temple of the Muses at Metapontum. The Muses have no temples, it is
 true, in our days (for God knows they are
 not much worshipped now) but the Ladies
 are not without their human sacrifices.

A young man was complaining the o-
 ther day that he had lost his appetite ;
 "Turn Poet, then," said one in company,
 "they generally have pretty stout ones."

Your *sensible* eyes have not long, I
 now, been dry from the tale of Chatter-
 box. Even now, a pearly drop peeps over
 the brim of each ; and now they drop,
 drop upon his mangled memory, like the
 amaritan's balm upon the traveller's
 wounds.—And, perhaps, what I had
 heard and told you may not be half.

That I may make you some amends for
 pissing you with my bad poetry the other
 day, I will to-day send you some very good.
 It is the composition of a clergyman, an
 Englishman, settled near Dublin. It got the
 prize at Oxford not long since, and was
 spoken

spoken in the theatre at such a public business, as one at which, I think, I remember to have heard you say you were present. Perhaps you were there this very time.

When you have read the lines, you will think I need not add a word about the author's abilities.

On the Love of our Country.

YE souls illustrious, who, in days of yore,
 With peerless might the British target bore,
 Who, clad in wolf-skin, from the scythed car,
 Frown'd on the iron brow of mailed war ;
 Who dar'd your rudely painted limbs oppose
 To steel of Chalybs, and to Roman foes :
 And ye of later age, tho' not less fame
 In tilt and tournament, the princely game
 Of Arthur's barons, won't, in hardiest sport,
 To claim the fairest Guerdon of the Court ;
 Say, holy shades, did e'er your gen'rous blood
 Roll thro' your faithful sons in nobler flood,
 Than * late, when George bade gird on ev'ry
 thigh
 The myrtle-braided sword of liberty ;

* These lines were written soon after the installation at Windsor, by the Rev. CHRISTOPHER BUTSON, chaplain to the Right Honourable the LORD CHANCELLOR.

Say, when the high-born Druids' magic strain
 Rouz'd on old Mona's top a female train
 To madness, and with more than mortal rage
 Bade them like furies in the fight engage,
 Frantic when each unbound her bristling hair,
 And shook a flaming torch, and yell'd in wild
 despair ;
 Or when on Cressy's plain the fable might
 Of Edward dar'd four monarchs to the fight ;
 Say, holy shades, did patriotic heat
 In your big hearts, with quicker transports beat
 Than in your sons, when forth like storms they
 pour'd,
 In freedom's cause, the fury of the sword ?
 Who rul'd the main, or gallant armies led,
 With *Hawke* who conquer'd, or with *Wolf* who
 bled.

Poor is his triumph, and disgrac'd his name,
 Who draws the sword for empire, wealth, or fame;
 For him tho' wealth be blown on ev'ry wind,
 Tho' fame announce him mightiest of mankind,
 Tho' twice ten nations sink beneath his blade,
 Virtue disowns him, and his glories fade.

For him no pray'rs are pour'd, no pæans sung,
 No blessings chaunted from a nation's tongue,
 Blood marks the path to his untimely bier,
 The curse of widows and the orphan's tear

E

Cry

Cry to high Heaven for vengeance on his head ;
 Alive, deserted ; and accurst, when dead.
 Indignant of his deeds, the muse, who sings
 Undaunted truth, and scorns to flatter kings,
 Shall shew the monster in his hideous form,
 And mark him as an earthquake, or a storm.

Not so the patriot chief, who dar'd withstand
 The base invader of his native land ;
 Who made her weal his noblest, only end,
 Rul'd but to serve her, fought but to defend,
 Her voice in council, and in fight her sword,
 Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd ;
 Who firmly virtuous, and severely brave,
 Sunk with the freedom that he could not save.
 On worth like his, the muse delights to wait,
 Reverses alike in triumph or defeat,
 Crowns with true glory and with spotless fame,
 And honours *Paoli's* more than *Frederick's* name.

Here let the muse withdraw the blood-stain'd
 veil,
 And shew the boldest son of public zeal.
 See Sidney leaning o'er the block ! His mein,
 His voice, his hand, unshaken, clear, serene.
 Yet no harangue, proudly declaimed aloud,
 To gain the plaudit of a wayward crowd ;
 No specious vaunt death's terrors to defy,
 Still death delaying, as afraid to die.

But

ally silent, down he bows—to prove
 in his virtuous, though mistaken love.
 guer'd patriot! form'd by ancient lore
 ze of ancient freedom to restore,
 obly acted, what he boldly wrote.
 uld by death the lessons that he taught.

is the tie that links the anxious fire,
 fond babe that prattles round his fire ;
 the love that prompts the grateful youth
 s fond cares and drooping age to sooth ;
 the brother, sister, husband, wife ;
 the charities of social life :
 nts firm friendship holy wreaths to bind,
 al sympathy the faithful mind :
 th' endearing springs that fondly move
 duty, or parental love,
 the ties that kindred bosoms bind,
 in friendship's holy wreaths entwin'd,
 so dear, so potent to controul
 rous workings of the patriot soul,
 at holy voice which cancels all
 es, which bids him for his country fall ;
 igh summons, with undaunted zeal,
 his breast, invites th' impending steel,
 the hand that deals the fatal blow,
 ves one sigh for all he leaves below.

Nor yet doth glory, tho' her port be bold
 Her aspect radiant, and her tresses gold,
 Guide thro' the walks of death alone her car,
 Attendant only on the din of war :
 She not disdains the gentler vale of peace,
 Nor olive shades of philosophic ease,
 Where heav'n taught minds to wooe the muse
 resort,
 Create in colours, or with sounds transport ;
 Where youths court science, or where sages teach,
 Where statesmen plan, where mitred fathers
 preach——
 More pleas'd on Isis' silent marge to roam,
 Than bear in pomp the spoils of Minden home.

To read with Newton's ken the starry sky,
 And God the same in all his orbs descry ;
 To lead forth merit from her humble shade ;
 Extend to rising arts a patron's aid ;
 Build the nice structure of the gen'rous law,
 That holds the free-born soul in willing awe ;
 O'er pale misfortune drop, with friendly sigh,
 Pity's mild balm, and wipe affliction's eye ;
 These, these are deeds Britannia must approve,
 Must nurse their growth with all a parent's love.
 These are the deeds that public virtue owns.
 And, just to public virtue, glory crowns.

L E T T E R XXVIII.

To the Same.

Ireland, 3d May, 1776.

My last, I hope, did not offend you. The bank note I was obliged to return; although I thank you for it more than words can tell you.

Shall I, whom you will not marry, because you will not load me with your debts, increase those debts; at least prevent you from diminishing them, by robbing you of fifty pounds? Were I capable of it, I should be unworthy your love. But be not offended that I returned it. Heaven knows how willingly a quire of such things should have accompanied it, had Heaven made me so rich.

Be not anxious about me. Talk not of the postage which your dear letters cost me. Will you refuse to make your H. happy? And think you I can pay too dear for happiness?

E 3

But,

But, Lord! you rave. I am rich—as rich as a Jew: and without taking into the calculation the treasure I possess in your love.—Why, you talk of what I allow that relation, poor soul! that does not swallow up all my lands and hereditaments at Gosport. Then there's my pay, and twenty other ways and means besides, I dare say, could I but recollect them.—Go to—I tell you I *am* rich. So, let me know you got the silver paper safe, and that I am a good boy.

Rich! To be sure I am—why, I can afford to go to plays. I saw Catley last night, in your favourite character.—By the way, I'll tell you a story of her, when she was on your side the water.

Names do not immortalize praise-worthy anecdotes, they immortalize names.—Some difference had arisen between Miss Catley and the managers concerning the terms upon which she was to be engaged for the season. One of the managers called upon her, at her little lodgings in Drury-lane,

to

to settle it. The maid was going to shew the gentleman up stairs, and to call her mistress. "No, no," cries the actress who was in the kitchen, and heard the manager's voice, "there is no occasion to shew the gentleman to a room.—I am busy below, (to the manager) making apple dumplings for my brats. You know whether you have a mind to give me the money I ask, or not. I am none of your fine ladies, who get a cold or the tooth-ach, and can't sing. If you have a mind to give me the money, say so; my mouth shall not open for a farthing less. So, good morning to you—and don't keep the girl there in the passage; for I want her to put the dumplings in the pot, while I nurse the child.—The turnips of Fabricius, and Andrew Marvel's cold leg of mutton, are worthy to be served up on the same day with Nan Catley's apple-dumplings.

Come—I am not unhappy, or I could not talk of other people and write thus

gaily. Nothing can make me truly unhappy, but a change in your sentiments of me. By the Almighty God of heaven, I know my own feelings so thoroughly, I do not think I could survive such a thing.

As you love me, scold me not about the poplin you'll receive next week. It cost me nothing—I may surely give what was given to me.

L E T T E R XXIX.

To the Same.

Ireland,
29th May, 1776.

Do you think, that to make such proposals, as your last contained, is the way to reconcile me to this worse than banishment? You refused to come into my scheme of marriage--Nothing shall tempt me to come into your scheme. Persist in your idea of going on the stage; and, as I live, I'll come over and make a party to damn you the first night of your appearance. Since
you

you will not share my fortunes, I will not share your earnings.

The story you mention at Flamborough, of Boardingham, who was murdered by his wife and her lover, is most shocking. The reflections you draw from it are most just; and what you say of our situation most true. The woman must have been beyond a wild beast savage. Yet their feelings, when she and Aikney were at the gallows together (supposing any thing like love remained) must have been exquisite.— I protest, I would willingly embrace with M. the cruellest death which torture could invent (provided she were on a bed of roses), than lead the happiest life without her. —What visions have I conjured up! — my pen drops from my hand. —

Your catch upon a bumper I like much. It beats, both in words and music, “a bumper ’Squire Jones.” By the way what an old word it is! Let me make a linguist of you to-day.

The learned Johnson deriveth *bumper* ("a cup filled till the liquor swells over the brims") from *bump*, which cometh, he saith, from *bum*, perhaps, as being prominent; the which *bum* cometh, we are told, from *bomme*, (Dutch) and signifieth "the part on which we sit."—The word *bumper* is by some writer derived from *bon-pere*, the usual familiar phrase for priests, who were supposed not to dislike *bumpers*.—This I may say—if "a cup filled till the liquor swells over the brims" comes from "the part on which we sit," it must be granted, as a French poet says of *Alfana's* coming from *equus*.

Qu'en venant de la, jusqu' icy,
Il a bien changé sur la route.

And now I have ended in good spirits,
as well as you. I remember the time when
Hamlet might have said to me, as he does
to Horatio,

"Thou

“ Thou hast no revenue but thy good
spirits

“ To feed and cloath thee.”

Now, I have got a little revenue, which
M. will not share with me, and God knows
who has got my good spirits—Well, I must
not think.

L E T T E R XXX.

To the Same.

Ireland, 18 June, 76.

My Laura is not angry with me, I hope,
for the three or four *tender* letters I have
written to her since the beginning of this
month. And yet, your's of yesterday
seems to say you are. If I bear my situa-
tion like a man, will you not allow me to
feel it like a man?

Misfortune, like a creditor severe,

But rises in demand for her delay.

She makes a scourge of past prosperity,

To sting me more, and double my distress.

But

But you say I must not write thus. If I can help it, I will not.

Shall I write about the weather or politics? The sun shines to-day, yesterday it rained. If you wish to appear learned, tell the next company you go into, that the distresses of this country will soon oblige England to grant her a free trade, or something very much like it. And add, that her grievances are more real now, than when, in 1601, she complained to Elizabeth of the introduction of trials by jury.—Another slice of politicks. Assert boldly, that Junius was written by Grenville's secretary. This is a *fact*, notwithstanding what Wilkes relates of Lord Germaine's bishop.

Is this the style of letter-writing you allow me—Try again, then,

The favours I have received from the worthy man I mentioned in a letter or two ago, are by his goodness every day increased. Some superior souls have affected to hate mankind. Here is one, who, with an understanding

derstanding and an experience inferior to none, never loses an opportunity of befriending a fellow-creature. I am afraid sometimes, that misfortune will one day or another play him some confounded dog's trick, he takes such pleasure in thwarting every scheme she lays for any one's ruin.

Yet, even this amiable character is not without his defects. The following lines I sent him this morning, after playing at Vingt-Un in company with him last night.

To H —, says a certain friend,

(Both idle, rhyming bards)

“ —, with good manners and best sense,

“ Can't bear to lose at cards.

“ With such a head”—“ And such a heart,”

Adds H——, 'tis high treason.

“ But I, who knew that heart so well,

“ Have found, I think, the reason.

“ Friend to the poor, his purse their box,

“ He always would be winner;

“ For then they win. But, should he lose,

“ The poor too lose a dinner.”

This

This country's facetious Dean said, his friend Arbuthnot could do every thing but walk. My friend can do every thing but lose at cards.

Feeling, and all the commanding powers of the mind, were never perhaps before so mixed up together. A tale of sorrow will make his little eyes wink, wink, wink, like a green girls. Before the company came last night, I shewed him "Auld Robin Gray"; and, though he had seen it before, he could not get over "My mother could na speak," without winking. For the credit of your side of the water, he is an Englishman. His agreeable wife, by her beauty and accomplishments, does credit to this country. She is remarkable also for her feeling, though in a different way. You shall relate an anecdote of distress, or read a story of ill usage, and, while his eyes are winking for the object of the ill usage or the distress, her's shall be striking fire with rage against the author of it. "Good God! she exclaims, "if that villain

villain was but in my power!—" And I sometimes think she is going to ring for her hat and cloak, that she may sally forth, and pull his house about his ears.—Bound up together (as they are, and as I hope they will long continue) they form a complete system of humanity.—

It would have gratified me much to have been with you when Garrick took his farewell of the stage. Do you remember the last paper in the *Idler* upon its being the *last*? The reflection that it was the *last* time Garrick would ever play, was, in itself, painful. How, my Laura, my M. my life, shall I bear it, if I ever should be doomed to take my last leave, my last look of you!—

—In what I wrote this morning I mentioned the *Idler*. A curious letter was shewn me the other day by a clergyman, which he assures me is authentic, and was written by the late Lord Gower to a friend of Dean Swift. As I know how you admire the
eminent

eminent person whom it concerns, I send it to you.

“ Mr. Samuel Johnson (author of *London*, a satire, and some other poetical pieces) is a native of this country, and much respected by some worthy gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who are trustees of a charity-school now vacant, the certain salary of which is sixty pounds per annum, of which they are desirous to make him master; but unfortunately he is not capable of receiving their bounty, which would make him happy for life, by not being Master of Arts, which by the statutes of this school the master of it must be. Now these gentlemen do me the honour to think that I have interest enough in you to prevail upon you to write to dean Swift to persuade the University of Dublin to send a diploma to me, constituting this poor man Master of Arts in their University. They highly extol the man's learning and probity, and will not be persuaded that the University will make any difficulty of conferring such a favour upon a stranger, if he is recommended by the Dean.—They say he is not afraid of the strictest examination, though he is off so long a journey; but will venture if the Dean thinks it necessary, choosing rather to die upon the road, than to be starved to death in translating for booksellers, which has been his only subsistence for some time past. I fear there is more difficulty in this affair than these good-natured gentlemen

plemen apprehend; especially as their election cannot be delayed longer than the 10th of next month. If you see this matter in the same light it appears to me, I hope you will burn this, and pardon me for giving you so much trouble about an impracticable thing: but if you think there is a probability of obtaining the favour asked, I am sure your humanity and propensity to relieve merit in distress, will incline you to serve the poor man, without my adding any more to the trouble I have already given you, than assuring you I am, with great truth, &c.

Trentham, Aug. 1, 1737,

One other subject for your reflection, and I have done.

What must have been Johnson's feelings, when, in his wonderful work, the English Dictionary, he cited the following passage from Ascham, as an instance of the use of the word *Men*? "Wits live obscurely, men care not how; or die obscurely, men mark not when."

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXI.

To Mr. —.

England, 25 June, 1776.

LET me give you joy of having found such kind and agreeable friends in a strange land. The account you sent of the gentleman and lady, especially of the latter quite charmed me. Neither am I without my friends. A lady, from whom I have received particular favours, is uncommonly kind to me. *For the credit of your side of the water, she is an Irish woman. Her agreeable husband, by his beauty and accomplishments, does credit to this country. He is remarkable also for his feelings.*

Adieu! This will affect you, I dare say, in the same manner your account affected me.

L E T T E R

I. E T T E R XXXII.

To Miss —.

Ireland, 1 July, 76.

YOUR little billet, of the 25th of last month, was a proper reproof for the contents of one of mine. 'Till I saw the joke I was truly unhappy. If you had not written the long and kind letter the next day, which came in the same packet, I should have been miserable. Yet, I wish you happy, *most* happy; but I cannot bear the thoughts of your receiving happiness from any hands (man, woman, or child) but mine. Had my affections not been fixed, as they are unalterably, elsewhere, the wife of my *friend*, with all her charms, would never fix them. I have but two masters, Love and Honour. If I did not consider you as my wife, I would add, you know I have but *one* mistress.

A friend of mine is going to England—
(happy fellow I shall think him, to be but
in

in the same country with you)—He will call at the Cannon coffee-house for me. Do send me, thither, the French book you mention, *Werther*. If you don't, I positively never will forgive you. Nonsense, to say it will make me unhappy, or that I shan't be able to read it! Must I pistol myself, because a thick-blooded German has been fool enough to set the example, or because a German novelist has feigned such a story? If *you* don't lend it me, I will most assuredly procure it some time or another; so, you may as well have the merit of obliging me.—My friend will send a small parcel for you to D. street. The books I send you, because I know you have not got them, and because they are so much cheaper here. If you are afraid of emptying my purse (which by the way is almost worn out), you shall be my debtor for them. So, send me a note of hand, *value receiv'd*. The other things are surely not worth mentioning.

L E T.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

To Mr. —.

England, 20 Aug. 76.

For God's sake! where are you? What is the matter? Why don't you write?— Are you ill? God forbid! And I not with you to nurse you! if you are, why don't you let somebody else write to you? Better all should be discovered, than suffer what I suffer. It's more than a month since I heard from you. A month used to bring me eight or ten letters. When I grew uneasy, it was in vain, as I said in my last, that I endeavoured to find your friend who brought the parcel (for I would certainly have seen him, and asked him about you). What is become of all my letters for this last month? Did you get what I returned by your friend? Do you like the purse? The book you mentioned, is just the only book you should never read. On my knees, I beg you never, never read it! Perhaps
you

you have read it—Perhaps!—I am distracted—Heaven only knows to whom I may be writing this letter.

Madam, or Sir!

If you are a woman, I think you will; if you are a man, and ever loved, I am sure you will, oblige me with one line to say what is come of Mr.—— of the—— regiment. Direct to Mrs. ——, D. street, London.—Any person whose hand my letter may fall into, will not think this much trouble; and, if they send me good news, Heaven knows how a woman, who loves, if possible, too well, will thank them.

L E T T E R XXXIV.

To Miss ——.

Ireland, 10 Sept. 1776.

As I am no sportsman, there is no merit, you may think, in devoting a morning to this employment. Nor do I claim any merit. 'Tis only making myself happy.

Now, I hope, you are quite at ease about me.

me. My health, upon my honour! upon our love! is almost re-established—Were I not determined to keep on *this* side the truth, I would say *quite*. The four letters I have written to you, since I received your *frantic* sheet of paper, have explained and made up every thing. How can I sufficiently thank you for all your letters? Especially for that of this week? Never did you pen a better. Did I know any body employed in a work, where that letter could properly appear, he should insert it in your own words.

Excuse me, I am unwillingly called away.

What I said this morning about your letter, brings to my recollection something of that sort. Shall I tell it you? I will.

James Hirst, in the year 1711, lived servant with the honourable Edward Wortley. It happened, one day, in re-delivering a parcel of letters to his master, by mistake he gave him one which he had written to his sweetheart, and kept back one of Mr. Wortley's. He soon discovered the mistake, and hurried back to his master;

ter; but unfortunately for poor James, it happened to be the first that presented itself to Mr. Wortley, and, before James returned, he had given way to a curiosity which led him to open it, and read the love-told story of an enamoured footman. It was in vain that James begged to have it returned. "No," says Mr. Wortley, "James, you shall be a great man, this letter shall appear in the Spectator."

Mr. Wortley communicated the letter to his friend Sir Richard Steel.—It was accordingly published in his own words, and is that letter, No. 71, volume the first of the Spectator, beginning "Dear Betty."

James found means to remove that unkindness of which he complains in his letter; but, alas! before their wishes were compleated, a speedy end was put to a passion which would not discredit much superior rank, by the unexpected death of Betty. James, out of the great regard and love he bore to Betty, after her death, married the sister. He died, not many
years

years since, in the neighbourhood of Wortley, near Leeds, Yorkshire.

To marry you is the utmost of my wishes; but, remember, I don't engage to marry your sister in case of your death.—Death! How can I think of such a thing, though it be but in joke.

L E T T E R X X X V .

To the Same.

Ireland, 15 Sept. 1776.

THE commands of your last letter, for the reasons you give, I have immediately obeyed.—My * enquiries about the young Englishman you mention, amount to this. He is liked tolerably well here. He would be liked more, if he took more pains to be liked. His contempt for some people in the world, whom others despise perhaps as well as he, is sometimes too conspicuous. Accident has given me an opportunity to see and know a great deal of

F him :

His own character.

him; and with certainty. His heart is certainly not bad. His abilities are as certainly not equal to what he once confesses to have thought them; perhaps they are superior to the opinion he now entertains of them. He has ambition and emulation enough to have almost supplied any want of genius, and to have made him almost any thing, had he fallen into proper hands. But his school-masters knew nothing of the human heart, nor over much of the head. Though indolent to a degree, a keen eye might have discovered, may still discover, industry at the bottom; a good cultivator might have turned it, may still turn it, to good account. His friendships are warm, sincere, decided——his enmities the same. He complains, now and then, that some of his friends will pretend to know him better than they know themselves, and better than they know any thing else. “ They would play upon him; they would seem to know his stops; they pretend to be able to sound him from his lowest note,

“ to .

to the top of his compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in a little pipe, yet cannot they make it speak. Do they think," he demands, "that he is easier to be play'd than a pipe?"—— Why, really, I do not think this is the case at present, whatever it may have been. Secrecy is not brought *into* the world, it is acquired in the world. An honest heart can only acquire it by experience. The character which he had certainly gotten some how among some of his intimates, as been of service both to them and to himself. They made a point of secrecy, after they chose to discover a want of it in him; and now he has made a point of it himself. My dearest secret (*you* know what that is) should now sooner be trusted to him than to any of his former accusers. The loudest of them, to my knowledge, was little calculated to judge; for though he might not absolutely think him a coward, he certainly did not suspect his friend of courage, till sufficient proof of it was

given under his own eye. Now, in my opinion, true courage and resolution are this gentleman's marking characteristics. This is no great compliment ; for, without them, I would not give a farthing for any man.

Such, in my judgment, is the young gentleman about whom you wished me to enquire, and with whom I happen to have lived a good deal. His principal merit is, that my amiable friend (the mention of whose wife just jogged your jealousy) sincerely loves him. That worthy man seldom throws away his attachment where it is not deserved. Nor do I know any thing in the gentleman, whose character I have been sketching, which gives me more pleasure, or which it would give him more pleasure to have noticed, than the love and respect which I am sure he feels for my friend ; unless perhaps his affectionate sense of the obligations which I believe I have told you he lies under to a Mr. B.—

So much for business. Now for an article of news. The latter end of last month,

month, a lady and her servant, as they were riding in Phoenix Park, were stopped by a man on foot, very genteelly dressed in white cloaths, and a gold laced hat. He demanded the lady's money, which she gave him, amounting to 26 guineas. The person put the cash into one of his pockets, and took from the other a small diamond hoop ring, which he presented to the lady, desiring her to wear it for the sake of an extraordinary robber, who made it a point of honour to take no more from a beautiful lady, than he could make a return for in value. He then, with great agility, vaulted over the wall, and disappeared.

This you may perhaps call an Irish way of robbing. There certainly was something original in it. The gentleman seems clearly to imagine, that an exchange is no robbery.—

As to your threat, I will answer it in the same style—"I *will* love you—and if—!" But neither my answer, nor your threat, is original. Reading, this morning,

a history of this country, I found the following anecdote, in 1487, a dreadful war was carried on in Ulster, between the Chieftain O'Neal, and the neighbouring Chieftain of Tirconnel.¹ This war had nothing more considerable for its immediate cause, than the pride of O'Neal, who demanded that his enemy should recognize his authority by paying tribute. The laconic style, in which the demand was made and rejected, would not have disgrac'd a nobler contest. "Send me tribute—or else!"—was the message of O'Neal. To which was returned, with the same princely brevity,—“I owe you none “and if—!”—But I talk nonsense. This does not prove your threat to have been borrowed; for I dare say, you never heard of O'Neal till this moment. It only proves that two people may express themselves alike.

Should any man who loved like me (if any man ever did love like me) have spoken of his love in terms like those I use to speak of mine, follows it therefore that I
have

have borrowed either his passion or his language? Were it possible for you to think so, I never would forgive you.—Pray copy the music you mention in your next.

L E T T E R XXXVI.

To the Same.

Ireland, 78 Sep. 76.

How happens it that I have not sooner noticed what you say, in a letter the beginning of last month, about the new punishment of working upon the Thames? Politicians may write more learned upon the matter but I will defy Beccaria to write more feelingly or humanely. There certainly is much truth in what you say. Experience however will be the best test. Perhaps my true reason for noticing your sensible letter thus late, was to introduce a scene which passed in the quicksilver mines of Idra, a still more unpleasant abode than Mr. Campbell's academy. This used to be

Colonel G.'s method, you remember, of introducing his home-made jokes. Not that my story is home-made—I take it from some Italian letters a brother officer lent me, written by Mr. Everard, and I give it you almost in his own words—except in one or two passages, where I think he has lost an opportunity of surprizing the reader.

“ The pleasure I always take in writing to you, wherever I am, and whatever doing, in some measure dispels my present uneasiness; an uneasiness caused at once by the disagreeable aspect of every thing around me, and the more disagreeable scene to which I have been witness.

Something too I have to tell you of Count Alberti. You remember him one of the gayest, most agreeable persons at the Court of Vienna; at once the example of the men, and the favourite of the fair sex. I often heard you repeat his name with esteem, as one of the few that did honour to the present age; as possessed of generosity and pity in the highest degree; as one who made no other use of fortune, but to alleviate the distresses of mankind. But first of all, the scene I mentioned.

After passing several parts of the Alps, and having visited Germany, I thought I could not well re-

turn

turn home, without visiting the quicksilver mines at Idra, and seeing those dreadful subterranean caverns, where thousands are condemned to reside, shut out from all hopes of ever again beholding the chearful light of the sun, and obliged to toil out a miserable life under the whips of imperious task-masters. Imagine to yourself an hole in the side of a mountain, of about five yards over. Down this you are let, in a kind of bucket more than an hundred fathom; the prospect growing still more gloomy, yet still widening, as you descend. At length, after swinging in terrible suspense for some time in this precarious situation, you at length reach the bottom, and tread on the ground; which by its hollow sound under your feet, and the reverberations of the echo, seems thundering at every step you take. In this gloomy and frightful solitude, you are enlightened by the feeble gleam of lamps, here and there disposed, so that the wretched inhabitants of these mansions can go from one part to another without a guide. And yet, let me assure you, that though they, by custom, could see objects very distinctly by these lights, I could scarce discern, for some time, any thing; not even the person who came with me to shew me these scenes of horror.

From this description, I suppose, you have but a very disagreeable idea of the place; yet let me assure you that it is a palace, if we compare the habitation with the inhabitants. Such wretches mine

eyes never yet beheld. The blackness of their visages only serves to cover an horrid paleness, caused by the noxious qualities of the mineral they are employed to procure. As they in general consist of malefactors condemned for life to this task, they are fed at the public expence; but they seldom consume much provision.—They lose their appetites in a short time; and commonly in about two years expire, from a total contraction of the joints of the body.

In this horrid mansion I walked after my guide for some time, pondering on the strange tyranny and avarice of mankind, when I was accosted by a voice behind me, calling me by name, and enquiring after my health with the most cordial affection. I turned and saw a creature all black and hideous, who approached me, with a most piteous accent, demanding, “ Ah! Mr. Everard, don’t you know me ?” Good God ! what was my surprize, when, through the veil of his wretchedness, I discovered the features of my old and dear friend Count Alberti ! I flew to him with affection ; and, after a tear of condolance, asked how he came there ? To this he replied, that having fought a duel with a general of the Austrian infantry against the emperor’s command, and having left him for dead, he was obliged to fly into one of the forests of Istria, where he was first taken, and afterwards sheltered, by
some

some banditti, who had long infested that quarter. With these he had lived for nine months, till, by a close investiture of the place in which they were concealed, and after a very obstinate resistance, in which the greatest part of them fell, he was secured and carried to Vienna, in order to be broken alive on the wheel. When he arrived at the capital, he was quickly known, and, several of the associates of his accusation and danger witnessing his innocence, his punishment of the rack was changed into that of perpetual confinement and labour in the mines of Idra. A sentence, in my opinion, a thousand times worse than death.

As Alberti was giving me this account, a young woman came up to him, who, at once I saw had been born for better fortune. The dreadful situation of the place was not able to destroy her beauty, and even in this scene of wretchedness she seemed to have charms to grace the most brilliant assembly.

This lady was daughter to one of the first families in Germany, and, having tried every means to procure her lover's pardon without effect, was at last resolved to share his miseries, as she could not relieve them. With him she accordingly descended into these mansions, from which few ever return; and with him she is contented to live, forgetting
the

the gaieties of life ; with him to toil, despising the splendours of opulence, and contented with the consciousness of her own constancy.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's, &c."

Now can I tell all the feelings of your dear heart. Now see I your fancy busy with her magic pencil ; and affecting is the picture it has begun. Begun—for your weeping eyes will not suffer you to finish it. Can not you through all your tears, distinguish Alberti and his wife dying in each others arms after about half a year? What a scene !

Is there any sum of money you would not give to have this tragedy end happily? That of course, is impossible. But Everard speaks of the poor souls in his next letter, which I may perhaps send you in *my* next.—

Come——be a good girl, and you shall have it now, though it will not give you much consolation.

" My

“ My last to you was expressive, and perhaps too much so, of the gloomy situation of my mind. I own the deplorable condition of the worthy man described in it, was enough to add double severity to the hideous mansions. At present, however, I have the happiness to inform you, that I was spectator of the most affecting scene I ever yet beheld. Nine days after I had written my last, a person came post from Vienna to the little village near the mouth of the greater shaft. He was soon after followed by a second, and he by a third. The first enquiry was after the unfortunate Count; and I, happening to overhear the demand, gave them the best information. Two of these were the brother and cousin of the lady, the third was an intimate friend and fellow-soldier of the Count. They came with his pardon, which had been procured by the General with whom the duel had been fought, who was perfectly recovered from his wounds. I led them with all the expedition of joy down to his dreary abode, and presented to him his friends, and informed him of the happy change in his circumstances. It would be impossible to describe the joy that brightened up his grief-worn countenance; nor was the young lady’s emotion less vivid at seeing her friends, and hearing of her husband’s freedom: some hours were employed in mending the appearances of this faithful couple, nor could I without a tear behold him taking leave of the former
wretched

wretched companions of his toil. To one he left his mattock ; to another his working cloaths ; to a third his little household utensils, such as were necessary for him in that situation. We soon emerged from the mine, and he once again revisited the sight of the sun, which he had totally despaired of ever seeing. A post-chaise was ready the next morning to take them to Vienna, whither, I am since informed by a letter from himself, they are returned. The empress has taken them into favour ; his fortune and rank are restored ; and he and his fair partner now have the pleasing satisfaction of feeling happiness with double relish, because they once knew what it was to be miserable."

Says not our friend Sterne, that the circumstance of his being at Rennes at the very time the Marquis reclaimed his forfeited nobility and his sword, was an incident of good fortune which will never happen to any traveller but a sentimental one?—I believe it : and every other incident of good fortune befall all such travellers!

Did not I say this second part of the story would not afford you *much* consolation?

Excuse

Excuse me for such a falsity. That was only to surprize you. Well I knew what would be my M.'s feelings,

Are you as deep in astrology as when you wrote last to me? On the page I have to spare I will send you some hasty lines which I scribbled the other day to ridicule the weakness of a Dr. W. who is as great a—fool at least as Dryden, and never fails to cast the nativity of his children.

Kind heaven has heard the parent's prayer,

Each gossip hails the son and heir,

“ Pray let the Doctor see.”

“ My master, ma'am? Your labour past ;

“ He's got among the stars, to cast

“ His son's nativity.”

Three hours elaps'd, our sage descends,

With “ well, and how's the child, my friends ?”

“ He's happy, Sir, ere this.”—

“ Happy ! why yonder stars ne'er shed

“ Benigner influence on the head

“ Of happier, I guess.

Worth, virtue, wisdom, honour, wealth,

“ Man's best and only riches, health,

“ Affuredly await

“ Heav'n's

" Heav'n's favour'd child——or never more
 " Say I have knowledge to explore
 " The secret page of fate.
 " 'Twas there I read my happy boy
 " Full seventy summers should enjoy
 " Ere"——when nurse sobb'd and said,
 " Good luck!——the babe, to whom kind heaven
 " So many bounteous gifts hath given,
 " Those two hours hath been——dead."

L E T T E R XXXVII.

To the Same.

Ireland,
 26 January 1777.

One of Lord Harcourt's suite will carry this to England. His Lordship was relieved from guard yesterday by the arrival of the new Lord Lieutenant. As politicks have not much to do with love, I shall not trouble you with a history of the late reign, or with a prophecy of what will be the present. Only let our great actors take care they do not play the farce of America in Ireland.

My

My spirits, I thank you, are now tolerably well. But you know I am, at least I know I have been ever since you have known me, a strange comical fellow. Neither one thing nor t'other. Sometimes in the garret, but much oftner down in the cellar. If Salvator Rosa, or Rousseau, wanted to draw a particular character, I am their man. But you and I shall yet be happy together, I know ; and then my spirits and passions will return into their usual channels.

Why do you complain of the language and tenderness of my letters? Suppose they were not tender! What would you say, what would you think, then? Must not love speak the language of love? Nay, do we not see every day that love and religion have mutual obligations, and continually borrow phrases from each other? Put Jamie or Jenny, instead of Christ, and see what you will make of Mrs. Rowe's most solemn poems, or of Dr. Watts's hymns.

Let

Let me transcribe you a letter written by another person to a lady.

“ Sir Benjamin telling me you were not come to
 “ town at 3 o’clock, makes me in pain to know
 “ how your son does, and I can’t help enquiring af-
 “ ter him and dear Mrs. Freeman. The bishop of
 “ Worcester was with me this morning before I
 “ was dressed. I gave him my letter to the Queen,
 “ and he has promised to second it, and seemed to
 “ undertake it very willingly: though, by all the
 “ discourse I had with him (of which I will give
 “ you a particular account when I see you) I find
 “ him very partial to her. The last time he was
 “ here, I told him you had several times desired
 “ you might go from me, and I have repeated the
 “ same thing again to him. For you may easily ima-
 “ gine I would not neglect doing you right on all oc-
 “ casions. But I beg it again for Christ Jesus’s sake,
 “ that you would never name it any more to me;
 “ for, be assured, if you should ever do so cruel a
 “ thing as to leave me, from that moment I shall
 “ never enjoy one quiet hour. And should you
 “ do it without asking my consent (which if I ever
 “ give you may I never see the face of heaven!) I
 “ will shut myself up, and never see the world
 “ more, but live where I may be forgotten by
 “ human kind.”

What

What think you of this letter? If it should have been written by a woman to a woman, surely you will allow H. to write a little tenderly to his own M. This was really the case. - It is transcribed from "an account of the conduct of the Dowager Dutcheſs of Marlborough," printed for W. Smith in Dame-ſtreet, Dublin, 1742, which I bought at Wilſon's in Dame-ſtreet yeſterday. The pamphlet contains others as loving. This I find page 40. It was written to Lady Marlborough by her Miſtreſs (one would have thought the word *miſtreſs* in one ſenſe did belong to one of the parties) when ſhe was only Princeſs of Denmark. It refers to the quarrel between the Princeſs and her royal ſiſter and brother-in-law, becauſe ſhe would not part with her favourite, upon Lord Marlborough's having diſpleaſed the King.

Theſe two female lovers always correſponded, under the names of Mrs. Freeman and Mrs. Morley, at the particular deſire of the Princeſs, who fixed upon the
names.

names. And this, after she was Queen Anne.—Be assured, my M. that, although I write to you with almost the same madness of affection, I will ever imitate her example, for all its royalty, and exchange you for a mushroom of your own raising (Mrs. Masham).

LETTER XXXVIII.

To the Same.

Reisland, 6 Feb. 1777.

My last was merry, you know. I can't say as much for your last. To-day you must suffer me to indulge my present turn of mind in transcribing something which was left behind her by a Mrs. Dixon, who poisoned herself not long since at Inniskillen. It was communicated to me by a gentleman, after a dinner yesterday, who is come hither about business, and lives in the neighbourhood of Inniskillen.

The unhappy woman was not above nineteen years of age. She had been married

ried about two years, and lived with her husband all that time with seeming ease and chearfulness.

—She was remarkably chearful all the fatal day, had company to dine with her, made tea for them, in the evening, set them down to cards, retired to her chamber, and drank her cup of arsenick.

—She left a writing on her table, in which is obscurely hinted the sad circumstance which urged her impatience to this desperate act.

Enclosed is an exact copy even to the spelling.

“ This is to let all the world know, that hears of me, that it's no crime I ever committed occasions this my untimely end ; but despair of ever being happy in this world, as I have sufficient reasons to think so. I own 'tis a sinful remedy, and very uncertain to seek happiness, but I hope that God will forgive my poor soul ; Lord have mercy on it ! But all I beg is to let none reproach my friends with it, or suspect my virtue or my honour in the least, though I am to be no more.

Comfort my poor unhappy mother, and brothers and sisters, and let all mothers take care, and never
force

force a child as mine did me: but I forgive her, and hopes God will forgive me, as I believe she meant my good by my marriage.

Oh! that unfortunate day I gave my hand to one, whilst my heart was another's, but hoping that time and prudence would at length return my former peace and tranquillity of mind, which I wanted for a long time; but oh! it grieves me to think of the length of eternity; and the Lord save me from eternal damnation! Let no one blame Martin Dixon*, for he is in no fault of it.

I have a few articles which I have a greater regard for than any thing else that's mine, on account of him that gave them to me (but *he* is not to be mentioned)—and I have some well-wishers that I think proper to give them to.

First, to Betty Balfour, my silver buckles; to Polly Deeryn, my diamond ring; to Betty Mulligan, my laced suit, cap, handkerchief and ruffles; to Peggy Delap, a new muslin handkerchief not yet hemmed, which is in my drawer, and hope for my sake those persons will accept of these trifles, as a testimony of my regard for them.

I would advise † Jack Watson to behave himself in an honest and obedient manner in respect to his mother and family, as he is all she has to depend upon now.

* Her husband.

† Her brother.

I go

I now go in God's name, though against his commands, without wrath or spleen to any one upon earth. The very person I die for, I love him more than ever, and forgives him. I pray God grant him more content and happiness than he ever had; and hopes he will forgive me, only to remember such a one died for him.

There was, not long ago, some persons pleased to talk something against my reputation, as to a man in this town; but now when I ought to tell the truth, I may be believed: if ever I knew him, or any other but my husband, may I never enter into glory; and them I forgive who said so; but let that man's wife take care of them that told her so; for they meant her no good by it.

With love to one, friendship to few, and good will to all the world, I die, saying, the Lord have mercy on my soul; with *an advice to all people never to suffer a passion of any sort to command them as mine did in spite of me.* I pray God bless all my friends and acquaintance, and begs them all to comfort my mother, who is unhappy in having such a child as I, who is ashamed to subscribe myself an unworthy and disgraceful member of the church of Scotland,

Jane Watson,
otherwise Dixon."

My

My pen shall not interrupt your meditations hereon, by making a single reflection. We both of us have made, I dare say, too many on it.—She too was *Jenny*, and had her *Robin Gray*.

L E T T E R XXXIX.

To the Same.

Ireland, 27 March, 77.

If you write as you wrote last week, I cannot bear this distance. Positively you must think of what I proposed last month.

That I may not disobey your commands this morning by writing too tenderly, I will transcribe you something in return for the contents of your last. It is in a different stile, but full as capital. Tell me whether you don't think my French *Robin Gray* a good companion to your English one. The young Abbé who gave it me, assured me it is almost totally unknown even in France, Louis Petit (a friend of
Corneille)

Corneille) wrote it, who died in 1693. Do let me set you the task of translating it, when you will of course give Jeremiah leave to go and mind his own affairs.

Dès que *Robin* eut vu partir *Toinette*
 Il quitta là se soin de son troupeau,
 Il jetta loin panetiere et houlette,
 Et ne garda rien que son chalumeau.
 Il lamenta plus fort qu'un *Jérémie* ;
 Il souhaita mille fois le trespas ;
 Et, dans son mal, il n'a d'autre soulas
 Que d'entonner, sur sa flûte jolie,
 Triste chanson, qui finit par, hélas !
 C'est grand pitié d'estre loin de s'amie.

Ces derniers mots, sans cesser, il répète,
 Tantôt assis sur le bord d'un ruisseau,
 Tantôt couché dessus la tendre herbe,te,
 Tantôt le dos appuyé d'un ormeau.
 Onc ne mena Berger si triste vie.
 Du doux sommeil il ne fait plus de cas ;
 Plus qu'un Hermite il fait maigres repas ;
 Dances et jeux ne lui plaisent plus mie,
 Et dans sa bouche il n'a rien qu'un——hélas !
 C'est grand pitié d'estre loin de s'amie.

Il n'est berger qui son mal ne regrette ;
 Et près de lui bergeres du hameau
 Viennent chanter, filant leur quenouillette,
 Pour consoler ce triste pastoureau.
 Mais leur doux chant point ne le solatie,
 Tant la douleur le tient dedans ses lacs !
 Pour ne les voir, les yeux tient toujours bas ;
 Et, si leur dit, " laissez-moi, je vous prie ;"
 Puis aussitôt revient à son——hélas !
 C'est grand pitié d'être loin de s'amie.

E N V O I.

Fills de *Cypris*, plus malin qu'une pie,
 A consoler *Robin* l'on perd ses pas :
Toinette seule, avec ses doux appas,
 Le peut tirer de sa melancholie :
 Rends la lui donc ; car, après tout——hélas !
 C'est grand pitié d'être loin de s'amie.

L E T T E R XL.

To the Same.

Ireland, 20 April, 1777.

Now you see there are something in
 Dreams. But why is not your alarming
 letter more particular about your com-
 plaint?

plaint? Do they nurse you as tenderly as I would? Are they careful about your medicines? For God's sake tell them all round what happened lately here to Sir William Yorke, the chief justice.

Sir William was gravously afflicted with the stone. In his severe fits he used to take a certain quantity of laudanum drops. On calling for his usual remedy, during the most racking pains of his distemper, the drops could not be found. The servant was dispatched to his apothecary; but, instead of laudanum drops he asked for laudanum. A quantity of laudanum was accordingly sent, with special charge not to give Sir William more than twenty-four drops. But the fellow, forgetting the caution, gave the bottle into his master's hand, who, in his agony, drank up the whole contents, and expired in less than an hour.

Why, my dearest love, did you conceal your illness from me so long? Now, you may have revealed the situation of

your health to me too late. God forbid!
 —If I write more, I shall write like a mad-
 man. A gentleman takes this who sails
 for England to-day. To-morrow or next
 day the Colonel will be here. If Lord S.
 as I have reason to expect, has influenced
 him to refuse me leave of absence, I will
 most certainly sell out directly, which I
 have an opportunity to do. At any rate I
 will be with you in a few days. If I
 come without a commission you must not
 be angry. To find you both displeased
 and ill, will be too much for your poor H.
 For my sake, be careful. Dr. — I in-
 sist upon your not having any longer. His
 experience and humanity are upon a par.
 Positively you must contrive some method
 for me to see you. How can love like
 mine support existence if you should be ill,
 and I should not be permitted to see you!
 —But I can neither think nor write any
 more.

LET-

L E T T E R XLI.

To the Same.

Cannon Coffee-house,
Charing-Cross, 4 May, 77.

Did you get the incoherent scrawls I wrote yesterday and the day before? Your's I have this instant read and wept over. Your feeble writing speaks you weaker than you own. Heavens, am I come hither only to find I must not see you! Better I had staid in Ireland. Yet, now do I breathe the same air with you. Nothing but your note last night could have prevented me, at all hazards, from forcing my way to your bed-side. In vain did I watch the windows afterwards, to gather information from the passing lights whether you were better or worse. For God of Heaven's sake send me an answer to this.

L E T T E R XLII.

To Mr——.

A. 4 May, 1777,
3 a clock.

My dear mistress bids me write this from her mouth—"These are the last words I speak. My last thoughts will be on you, my dearest H. In the next world we shall meet. Live, and cherish my memory. Accept the contents of this little box. Be a friend to my children. My little girl."——

L E T T E R XLIII.

To the Same.

A. 4 May, 1777.
5 o'clock.

My dear Soul,

At the hazard of my life I write this to tell you Heaven has spared my life to your prayers. The unfinished note, which my hasty maid—I can't go on.

Sir,

Sir,

My dear Mistress bids me say, Sir, that her disorder has taken a turn within this hour, and the physicians have pronounced her out of all danger.—Honoured Sir, I humbly crave your pardon for sending away my scribble just now, which I am afraid has made you uneasy; but indeed, Honoured Sir, I thought it was all over with my poor dear mistress; and then, I am sure I should have broke my heart. For, to be sure, no servant ever had a better, nor a kinder mistress. Sir, I presume to see your Honour to-morrow. My mistress fainted away as she began this, but is now better.

A. 6 a'clock.

L E T T E R XLIV.

To Miss——.

Cannon Coffee-house,
27 June, 1777,
5 o'clock.

As I want both appetite and spirits to touch my dinner, 'though it has been standing before me these ten minutes, I can claim no merit in writing to you. May you enjoy that pleasure in your delightful situation on the banks of the Thames, which no situation, no thing upon earth, can in your absence afford me!

Do you ask me what has lowered my spirits to-day? I'll tell you. Don't be angry, but I have been to see the last of poor Dodd. Yes, "poor Dodd!" though his life was justly forfeited to the laws of his country. The scene was affecting—it was the first of the kind I had ever seen; and shall certainly be the last. Though, had I been in England when Peter Tolosa was deservedly

deservedly executed in February, for killing Duarzey, a young French woman with whom he lived. I believe I should have attended the last moments of a man who could murder the object of his love. For the credit of my country, this man (does he deserve the name of *man*?) was a Spaniard.

Do not think I want tenderness, because I was present this morning. Will you allow yourself to want tenderness, because you have been present at Lear's madness, or Ophelia's? Certainly not. Believe me (you *will* believe me, I am sure)—I do not make a profession of it, like George S. Your H. is neither *artiste* nor *Amateur*—nor do I, like Paoli's friend and historian, hire a window by the year, which looks upon the Grass-market at Edinburgh.

Raynall's book you have read, and admire. For its humanity it merits admiration. The Abbé does not countenance an attendance on scenes of this sort by his writings, but he does by his conduct. And

G 5

I would

I would sooner take Practice's word than Theory's. Upon my honour Raynall and Charles Fox, notwithstanding the rain, beheld the whole from the top of an unfinished house, close by the stand in which I had a place.

However meanly Dodd behaved formerly, in throwing the blame of his application to the chancellor on his wife, he certainly died with resolution. More than once to-day I have heard that resolution ascribed to his hope that his friend Hawes, the humane founder of the humane society, would be able to restore him to life. But I give him more credit. Besides, Voltaire observes that the courage of a dying man is in proportion to the number of those who are present—and St. Evremond (the friend of the French M.) discovered that *les Anglois surpassent toutes les nations à mourir*. Let me surpass all mankind in happiness, by possessing my *Ninon* for life, and I care not how I die.

Some little circumstances struck me this morning, which, however you may refuse
to

to forgive me for so spending my morning, I am sure you would not forgive me were I to omit.—Before the melancholy procession arrived, a sow was driven into the space left for the sad ceremony, nor could the idea of the approaching scene, which had brought the spectators together, prevent too many from laughing, and shouting, and enjoying the poor animal's distress, as if they had only come to Tyburn to see a sow baited.

After the arrival of the procession, the preparation of the unhappy victim mixed something disagreeably ludicrous with the solemnity. The tenderest could not but feel it, though they might be sorry that *did* feel it. The poor man's wig was to be taken off, and the night-cap brought for the purpose was too little, and could not be pulled on without force. Valets de chambre are the greatest enemies to heroes. Every guinea in my pocket would I have given, that he had not worn a wig, or that (wearing one) the cap had been bigger.

At

At last arrived the moment of death. The driving away of the cart was accompanied with a noise which best explained the feelings of the spectators for the sufferer. Did you never observe, at the sight or the relation of any thing shocking, that you closed your teeth hard, and drew in your breath hard through them, so as to make a sort of hissing sound? This was done so universally at the fatal moment, that I am persuaded the noise might have been heard at a considerable distance. For my own part, I detected myself, in a certain manner, accompanying his body with the motion of my own; as you have seen people wreathing and twisting and biasing themselves, after a bowl which they have just delivered.

Not all the resuscitating powers of Mr. Hawes can, I fear, have any effect; it was so long before the mob would suffer the hearse to drive away with his body.—

Thus ended the life of Dr. Dodd. How shocking, that a man with whom I have
eaten

eaten and drank, should leave the world in such a manner! a manner which, from familiarity, has almost ceased to shock us, except when our attention is called to a Perreau or a Dodd. How many men, how many women, how many young, and, as they fancy, tender females, with all their sensibilities about them, hear the sounds, by which at this moment I am disturbed, with as much indifference as they hear muffins and matches cried along the streets! *The last dying speech and confession, birth, parentage, and education*—Familiarity has even annexed a kind of humour to the cry. We forget that it always announces the death (and what a death!) of one fellow being; sometimes of half a dozen, or even *more*.

A lady talks with greater concern of cattle-day than of hanging-day. And her maid contemplates the mournful engraving at the top of a dying speech, with more indifference than she regards the honest tar hugging his sweetheart at the top
of

of "Blackeyed Susan." All that strikes us is the ridiculous tone in which the halfpenny ballad-singer chants the requiem. We little recollect that, while we are smiling at the voice of the charmer, wives or husbands (charm she never so wisely) children, parents, or friends, perhaps all these and more than these, as pure from crimes as we, and purer still perhaps, are weeping over the crime and punishment of the darling and support of their lives. Still less do we at this moment (for the printer always gets the start of the hangman, and many a man has bought his own dying-speech on his return to Newgate by virtue of a reprieve)—still less do we ask ourselves, whether the wretch, who, at the moment we hear this (which ought to strike us as an) awful sound, finds the halter of death about his neck, and now takes the longing farewell, and now hears the horses whipped and encouraged to draw from under him for ever, the cart which he now, now, now feels depart from his lingering feet—whether
this

this wretch really deserved to die more than we. Alas! were no spectator to attend executions but those who deserve to live, Tyburn would be honoured with much thinner congregations.

Still Cannon Coffee-house,

Well—I have made an uncomfortable sort of a meal on tea, and now I will continue my conversation with you. *Conversation*—a plague on words, they will bring along with them ideas! This is all the conversation we must have together for some days. Have I deserved the misery of being absent from my M.? To bring proofs of my love, would be to bring proofs of my existence. They must end together. Oh M. does the chaste resolution which I have so religiously observed ever since I offered you marriage deserve no smiles from Fortune? Is then my evil genius never to relent? Had I not determined to deserve that success which it is not for mortals

mortals to command, I should never have struggled with my passions as I did the first time we met after your recovery. What a struggle! The time of year, the time of day, the situation, the danger from which you were hardly recovered, the number of months since we had met, the langour of your mind and body, the bed, the every thing——Ye cold-blooded, white-livered sons and daughters of chastity, have ye no praises to bestow on such a forbearance as that? Yet when your strength failed you, and grief and tenderness dissolved you in my arms; when you reclined your cheek upon my shoulder, and your warm tears dropt into my bosom; then—who could refrain;——then——

What then, ye clay-cold hyper-criticks in morality;

Then—even then——“I took but one kiss, and I tore myself away.”

Oh that I could take only one look, at this moment!

Your last says *the sun will shine*. Alas, I
see

see no signs of it. Our prospects seem shut up for ever.

With regard to the stage—we will talk of it. My objections are not because I doubt your success. They are of a different kind—the objections of love and delicacy. Be not uneasy about my selling out. The step was not so imprudent. What think you of orders? More than once you know you have told me I have too much religion for a soldier. Will you condescend to be a poor parson's wife?

But I shall write till to-morrow at this rate.

L E T T E R XLV.

To the SAME.

7 July, 77.

Since last night I have changed my mind—totally changed it. I charge you not to see Mrs. Yates this morning. Write her word your mind is changed. Never will I consent to be supported by your labours.

Never,

Never, never shall your face, your person, your accomplishments be exposed for so much an hour. By the living God I will not forgive you if you do not give up all thoughts of any such thing.

L E T T E R XLVI.

To the SAME.

Croydon,

20 Sept. 1777.

That you have taken to drawing gives me particular pleasure. Depend upon it you will find it suit your genius. But, in truth, your genius seizes every thing. While your old friend is eating his corn, I sit down to tell you this ; which I would not say to your face, lest you should call it flattery. Though you well know flattery is a thing in which *we* never deal. My opinion of the great man's stile of painting, who condescends to improve you in drawing, is exactly your's. Posterity will agree with us. The subjects you recommend to
his

his pencil are such as I should have expected from my M.'s fancy. While I walked my horse hither this morning, two or three subjects of different sorts occurred to me. All of them would not suit his style. But I know one or two of them would not displease you, if well executed. Some of them I will send you.—

Louis xiv. when a boy, viewing the battle of St. Anthony from the top of Charonne. In 1650, I think.

Richard Cromwell, when the Prince de Conti, Conde's brother, told him in conversation, at Montpelier, without knowing him, that Oliver was a great man, but that Oliver's son was a miscreant for not knowing how to profit by his father's crimes.

Milton, when the idea first struck him of changing his mystery into an epic poem.

Demosthenes declaiming in a storm.

William the Conqueror, and his rebellious son Robert, discovering each other in a battle; after they had encountered hand to hand for some time.

Charles

Charles XII. tearing the Vizir's robe
with his spur. And again, after lying in
bed ten months at Demotica.

“——— Though my mother could na speak,
“ She look'd in my face till my heart was like
to break.”

The Abra Prior's Solomon,

“ When she, with modest scorn, the wreath re-
turn'd,
“ Reclin'd her beauteous neck, and inward
mourn'd.”

Our Elizabeth, when she gave her Essex
a box on the ear.

Chatterton's Sir Charles Bawdin, part-
ing from his wife——

“ Then tir'd out with raving loud,
“ She fell upon the floor ;
“ Sir Charles exerted all his might,
“ And *march'd* from out the door.”

The Conference of Augustus, Anthony
and Lepidus (you are deep in Goldsmith,
I know.)

I know.) Do you remember the scene? Equally suspicious of treachery, they agreed to meet on a little island near Mutina. Lepidus first past over. Finding every thing safe, he made the signal.—Behold them, yonder, seated on the ground, on the highest part of a desolate island, unattended, fearful of one another, marking out cities and nations, dividing the whole world between them; and mutually resigning to destruction, agreeably to lifts which each presented, their dearest friends and nearest relations.—Salvator Rosa would not make me quarrel with him for doing the back ground. Your friend, if any one living, could execute the figures.

Let me suggest one more subject.—Monmouth's decapitation, in the time of James ii. History speaks well of his face and person. The circumstances of his death are these.—He desired the executioner to dispatch him with more skill than he had dispatched Ruffel. This only added

ded to the poor fellow's confusion, who struck an ineffectual blow. Monmouth raised his face from the block, and with a look (which I cannot describe, but the painter must give) reproached his failure.—By the turn of the head, the effect of the blow might be concealed, and left to fancy; who might collect it from the faces of the nearest spectators. — The remainder of the scene is too shocking for the eye, almost for the ear.—But, I know not how, whenever I am away from you, nothing is too shocking for *me*.——Monmouth again laid down his head. The executioner struck again *and again*, to as little purpose; and, at last, threw down the axe. The sheriff obliged the man, whose feelings all must pity and respect, to renew his attempt. Two strokes more finished the butchery.

Were it possible to tear off this last subject without destroying half my letter, I really would. It will make you shudder too much. But, you see, it is not possible; and you prefer such a letter ~~to~~ this,
I know,

I know, to none. The paper only affords me room to say my horse is ready. Every step he carries me from you, will be a step from happiness.

L E T T E R XLVII.

To the Same.

5 February, 1778.

Oh! my dearest M. what I have gone through since I wrote to you last night it is impossible for me to describe. Thank God, you were not in town! Suffice it that my honor and life are both as you wish them. Now, mine of last night is more intelligible. How strange, that the kindest letter almost you ever wrote me, should come to me precisely at the time I was obliged to make up my mind to quit the world, or, what is more, *much more*, to quit you! Yet, so it was.

The

The story my letter mentioned, of a friend who had received such an affront as no human being could away with, was my own. Your feelings agreed with me, I am sure. Duelling is not what I defend. In general, almost always, it may be avoided. But cases may be put, in which it can be avoided only by worse than death, by everlasting disgrace and infamy. Had I fallen, I know where my last thoughts would have lingered ; and you and your children would have had some token of my regard. Be assured the matter is for ever at an end, and at an end as properly as even you can wish. How happy shall we be, in 79, or 80 (for before that time we shall surely be blest with each other!), to have those friends about us who were privy to this day ; and to talk over the possibility of it!

H. in all thy future life sacred be every fifth of February !

My mind is too much agitated to write any more this evening. To-morrow I will be more particular. My last I am
sure

sure could not alarm you ; though, had any thing happened, it would have prepared you. Don't be alarmed by this. Upon my honour ! (with which you know I never preface a falsity) I am not hurt ; nor, as it since turns out, is the other gentleman—at least not materially.

One trifling circumstance I must mention. As I was determined either to kill or be killed (unless sufficient apologies should be made),—*the only proper, and least pernicious idea of duelling*,—I did not see why I should not recruit my strength as much as possible. So about three o'clock, I took some cold saddle of mutton and brandy and water at my friend's. After which I went home to seal up some things for you, where my friend was to call for me. When I saw him coming to my door between 4 and 5, I had just wrung the affectionate hand of the man I most value, and committed to his care you and your dear little girl, and my dear sister, &c. &c. Love, honour, revenge, and all my various feelings would,

H

in

in spite of myself, parch my tongue. As I took my hat out of my dressing-room, I filled a wine-glass of water, and drank half of it, to moisten my mouth. When I saw that glass again, about an hour ago, on returning to that home, which I never again thought to see, in order to write to her of whom I thought I had taken my last leave in this world—when I took that glass again into my hand, recollected my feelings on setting it down, and emptied the remainder of its contents, a libation of gratitude to the superintending Providence of Heaven—Oh M. no pen, not even your's, can paint my feelings!

Only remember—in all our future life, each fifth of February be ever sacred!

L E T.

L E T T E R XLVIII.

To the Same.

— street,
2 March, 1778.

Your going out of town so suddenly has not served to mend my spirits, but I will be as merry as I can. Were I to be *very* miserable after my late miraculous adventure, I should be guilty of *sullenness* against Providence. The minute account I gave you of it last week, was, I assure you, dictated to my pen by my feelings, before they had forgotten the affecting circumstances. Your observations are truly just and striking. Unpardonable as the affront which I had received appears to mortal eyes, I should not readily, I fear, have found an answer to the question of the enquiring angel, on entering the world of spirits, “What brings you hither?”

Did I tell you o’Saturday the particulars of the poor fellow who suffered this day

H 2

fe’nnight

se'nnight for murdering Mrs. Knightly? They are singular. He was an Italian, I understand. Such a thing is not credible, but of an Italian.

Mrs. Knightly's account was, that on the 18th of January Ceppi came into her room, she being in bed, locked the door, sat himself in a chair; and told her he was come to do her business. She, not understanding this, asked him to let her get out of bed; which he did. He then took from his pocket two pistols. She went towards the door in order to get out; but he set his back against it. She, to appease him, told him he might stay breakfast. He answered he would have none, but would give her a good one. She then called out to alarm the house, ran towards the bed, and said, "pray, don't shoot me!" and drew up close to the curtains. He followed, and discharged the pistol; after which he threw himself across the bed, and fired the other pistol at himself, which did not take effect. During this, a washerwoman ran up stairs, and

and with a poker broke the bottom pannel of the door, through which Mrs. Knightly was drawn half-naked, and Ceppi, following, ran down stairs; but was pursued and taken. In his defence, he said, he had proposed honourable terms of marriage to her, but that she had refused and deserted him; that he was overcome with grief and love, and that his design was not to hurt her, but to shoot himself in her presence.

It appears, I am afraid, from all the circumstances, that, whatever his despair meant with regard to his own life, he certainly was determined to take away *her's*. How unaccountably must nature have mixed him up! Besides the criminality and brutality of the business, the folly of it strikes *me*. What—because the person, on whom I have fixed *my* affections, has robbed me of happiness by withdrawing *her's*, shall I let her add to the injury, by depriving me of existence also in this world, and of every thing in the next? In my opinion, to run the chance of being murdered by the new

object of her affections, or of murdering him, is as little reconcilable to common sense as to common religion. How much less so to commit complicated murder, which must cut off all hopes in other worlds !

Yet, could I believe (which I own I cannot, from the evidence in this case), that the idea of destroying her never struck him till his finger was at the trigger—that his only intention was to lay the breathless body of an injured lover at her feet—Had this been the fact, however I might have condemned the deed, I certainly should have wept over the momentary phrenzy which committed it. But, as nothing appears to have past which could at all make him change his plan, I must (impossible as it seems) suppose him to have deliberately formed so diabolical a plan—and must rejoice that he was not of the same country, while I lament that he was of the same order of beings, with myself.

If

If the favour I mentioned to you o'Saturday be at all out of course, pray don't ask it. Yet the worthy veteran I want to serve has now and then seen things happen not altogether *in* course. When he called this morning to learn how I had succeeded, I observed to him, while we were talking, that he got bald. "Yes," said he, shaking his grey hairs, "it will happen so by people's continually stepping over one's head."

He little suspected the channel of my application, but he asked me this morning, whether *sol.* if he could scrape it together, properly slid into Miss ——'s hand, might not forward his views. My answer was, that I had no acquaintance with the lady, but I knew *for certain* that she had never in her life soiled her fingers with the smallest present of this sort.

Happy, blest, to know you, to love you, and be loved by you!

L E T T E R XLIX.

To the Same.

Hockerill,
5 Sept. 1778.

Here did I sit, more than two years ago, in this very room, perhaps in this very chair, thanking you for bliss, for paradise; all claim to which I soon after voluntarily resigned, because I hoped they would soon be mine by claims more just, if possible, than those of love. Two years.—how have I borne existence all the while ! But delicacy, and respect for you, enjoined forbearance. And hope led me on from day to-day, deceiving time with distant prospects which I thought at hand. When will the tedious journey end ? When will my weary feet find rest ? When shall I sleep away my fatigues on the down-soft pillow of the bosom of love ? Should hope continue to deceive me, you never shall make me happy, till you make me your husband.

band. Yet, as we sat upon the grass, under the trees near the water, yesterday, just before you returned me my stick, because you thought the gentleman coming along the path by the mill was a certain person—yet, had I then loosened another button or two of my favourite habit, which was already opened by the heat; had I then (you remember, my Laura, the conversation and the scene) forgotten my resolution, forgotten every thing, and rioted in all your glowing charms, which only love like mine could withstand—who is he would dare to blame me? Who would dare to say I had done what he would not have done? But the scene must be shifted.—Sally Harris, you know, arrived only at the dignity of Pomona at Hockerill. Had my M. her due, mankind at large would admit her double claim to the titles of Minerva and of Venus.

To sleep *here* is impossible. As well expect the miser to sleep in the place where he once hung in raptures over a hidden

treasure which is now lost. This letter I have an opportunity to send to our old friend, for you, without taking it to town. Let me fill up the remainder of my paper with an almost incredible anecdote I learned from a gentleman who joined me on the road this morning, and travelled some miles with me. It happened last week I think. Peter Ceppi you remember. Surely that Providence which prevents the propagation of monsters, does not suffer such *monstrous* examples as these to propagate.

One Empson, a footman to Dr. Bell, having in vain courted for some time a servant belonging to Lord Spencer, at last caused the bans to be put up in church, without her consent; which she forbade. Being thus disappointed, he meditated revenge; and having got a person to write a letter to her, appointing a meeting, he contrived to way-lay her, and surprize her in Lord Spencer's park. On her screaming, he discharged a pistol at her,
and

and made his escape. The ball wounded her but not mortally.

Oh love, love, can'st thou not be content to make fools of thy slaves, to make them miserable, to make them what thou pleasest! Must thou also goad them on to crimes! must thou convert them into devils!

L E T T E R L.

To the Same.

— street,
28 Jan. 1779.

The short note I wrote to you last night, immediately on my reaching town, you received, I hope. But why no answer to it? Why do you not say when we shall meet? I have ten thousand things to tell you. My situation in Norfolk is lovely. Exactly what you like. The parsonage-house may be made very comfortable at a trifling expence. How happily shall we spend our time there! How glad am I that

I have

I have taken orders, and what obligations have I to my dear B. to Mr. H. and Dr. V.! Now, my happiness can be deferred no longer. My character and profession are, now, additional weights in the scale. Oh then, consent to marry me directly. The day I lead you to the altar will be the happiest day of my existence.

Thanks, a thousand thanks for your tender and affectionate letters while I was in Norfolk. Be assured G. could mean nothing by what she said. She is our firm friend, I am persuaded. About an hour ago, I called there; but she was out. Presently I shall go again with this, in the hope of hearing something about you.

Oh M.! every day I live I do but discover more and more how impossible it is for me to live without you.

Don't forget the 5th of next month. We *must* keep that day sacred together.

L E T-

L E T T E R L I.

To the Same.

— street,
7 Feb. 1779.

While I live I will never forget your behaviour yesterday. Were I to live an hundred years, I could never thank you enough. But your will be done.

The note I risqued yesterday you got, I hope. If you had not answered my last but one, I should certainly have thrown this bundle of papers into the fire. Since you are now a good girl again, I send them to you. May they afford you any thing like entertainment! It was but last night I finished them.—Adieu.—Much as I dread the expedition, to-morrow I believe must be the day.

17 February, 79.

L E T-

L E T T E R LH.

To the Same.

At sea—20 February, 1779.

My dear little angel! I wrote my last letter to you yesterday at 11 o'clock, just when we sailed. I dined at two o'clock, and, as for the afternoon, I had some music. I have my own servant on board that plays, and a couple of hands from London for the six weeks I am out. We were a good many at dinner. I had about nine people yesterday, and shall have more when the rest of my squadron join me. They staid with me till near seven. I got to supper about nine o'clock; but I could not eat, and so got to bed about 10.—I then prayed for you, my dearest love; kissed your dearest little hair; and lay down, and dreamt of you; and had you on the dear little couch ten thousands times in my arms, kissing you and telling you how much I loved and adored you; and
you

I seem'd pleased; but, alas, when I
 ke I found it all *dillusion*—no body by me
 t myself at sea. I rose by time, at half past
 e, and went upon deck. There I found
 friend Billy, and walked with him for
 out an hour, till Barrington came to me.
 e then breakfasted about 8 o'clock, and
 9 I began and exercis'd the ships under
 command till 12. It is now one, and
 en I finish this letter to you, my dear
 e, I shall dress and go to dinner at two
 lock. It is a rule on board to dine at 2,
 akfast at 8, and sup at 9—always, if
 hing hinders me, I shall be a-bed by
 , or soon after, and up by half-past five
 the morning, in order to have, if there
 ny occasion, orders ready for the fleet
 der my command before I begin to exer-
 e them.—I am sure the account of this
 y's duty can be no pleasure to you, my
 e; yet it is exactly what I have done;
 d as I promised you always to let you
 ow my motions and my thoughts, I have
 w performed my promise this day to
 you,

How oft had Henry chang'd his sly disguise,
 Unmark'd by all but beauteous Harriet's eyes ;
 Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
 And at her feet to breathe his am'rous flame ;
 And oft the pangs of absence to remove
 By letters, soft interpreters of love,
 Till time and industry (the mighty two
 That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
 Made him perceive that the inclining fair
 Receiv'd his vows with no reluctant ear ;
 'That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
 And dealt to Harriet's heart a share of Henry's
 pain,

Such is my amusement to read those
 sort of things that puts me in mind of our
 mutual feelings and situations. Now, God
 bless you, till I shall again have an oppor-
 tunity of sending to you. I shall write to
 you a letter a day as many days as you
 miss *herein* of me when I do they shall all
 come Friday 16 June. God bless—I shan't
 forget you. God knows you have told so
 before I have your heart, and it lies warm
 in my breast. I hope mine feels as easy
 to you, thou joy of my life. Adieu.

Well,

Well, my M. — how like you my pen to-day? Don't you think I am improved? In time I shall come to write such letters as may appear in print. Were you not surpris'd to read a letter dated at sea; and to find me write about my squadron, and the King, and the Lord knows what? when we parted but yesterday within the bills of mortality.—Come, I'll now put off my mask. The hopes you gave me yesterday of so soon calling you mine, and to-day's uncommon fineness, had quite inspir'd me with good spirits. A copy of the letter I have just transcribed was given me last night; and, as I promised to write to you to-day, I thought it would amuse you more than any thing I could say. It has blood-royal in it, I assure you; and I'll take my *bible oath* of its authenticity. When you have *nobody by you but yourself*, I think it will make you laugh. Compare this King's brother with my sexton's son; who, during the composition

fiction of this letter, was writing Rowley's poems. Where I could make it sense by stopping it, I have. The original is all written post. Cupid never stops to bait. Then he has no eyes, you know; which is an excuse for bad spelling, and confusion in the sense. Poor blind boy! It's very well he can contrive to write at all. With regard to some of it, we are still in the dark; but Lady G. made it out I dare say. Oh Love, almighty Love! with what eloquence does adoration of thee inspire thy votaries!

Now, in my own character.—What you desired so earnestly shall certainly be done. As to the disparity of our years, what you said about it yesterday did honour to your heart; but was all nothing to the purpose. My mind is made up. Besides, I knew your age all along. Do you remember some sufficiently bald poetry, with the reading of which I taxed your
patience,

patience when I was quartered at *Huntingdon, I believe? May I be hanged, drawn, and quartered, if I did not, at the time I wrote it, know as well as yourself how many years you were older than I! But I well knew you were not acquainted with *my* age; which, by those lines, I hoped to conceal from you. Then I thought, if you should suspect or come to know I was younger than you, that though the idea (as you will see, unless you have committed them to the flames they merit) turns, in fact, upon our being *born* in the same year, on the same day almost——yet, that you *might* take it to turn upon the circumstance of our *birth-days* happening almost together; and so overlook, in considering the nearness of our birth-days, the disparity of our ages.

But

* See Letter XVII. The Editor cannot but observe, that if Mr. H. had not, in this subsequent letter, by the meekest accident in the world, explained those lines, they would have thrown an unjust suspicion of suppositiousness on this whole volume,

But it's useless to say a word more to me on this subject—all you pointed out I see—and I am determined. Remember *Ninon*. You are not quite old enough to be my *mother*.

By the day after to-morrow I hope to be able to tell you your business is done.—Of that song which I gave you some time ago, and with which you are often kind enough to treat me, I have discovered the author. You know what I mean—"When your beauty appears, &c." It was written by the elegantly-simple Parnell.

Let me to-day send you another, which, as I never heard you sing it, I suppose you have never seen—otherwise, from what I know of your taste, it must have been your favourite.

volume, and few people would have believed those letters to have been genuine, from one of which it was so clear that H. was so very ignorant of Miss —'s age.

The

The moans of the forest after the battle of Flod-
den-field.

I have heard a lilting, at the ewes milking,
A' the lasses lilting before break of day ;
But now theres a moaning, in ilka green loning,
Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away :

At bughts in the morning, nae blythe lads are
scorning,
Our lasses are lonely, and dowie, and wae :
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sobbing.
Ilka lass lifts her leglin, and hies her away.

In

Lilting] Singing chearfully, with a brisk lively air, in a style peculiar to the Scots ; whose music, being composed for the bagpipe, jumps over the discordant notes of the 2d and 7th, in order to prevent the jarring which it would otherwise produce with the drone or bass, which constantly sounds an octave to the key note. Hence this kind of composition is commonly stiled a Scotch *lilt*.—‘*A'*]
All.—‘*Ilka*] Each.—‘*Loning*] Lane ; a word still in use in the northern parts. The word *green* is peculiarly emphatical ; grown over with grafs, by not being frequented.—‘*Bughts*] Circular folds, where the ewes are milked.—‘*Scorning*] Bantering, jeering.—‘*Dowie*] Dowly, solitary.—‘*Wae*] Full of woe or sorrow.—‘*Daffing*] Wagghish sporting.—‘*Gabbing*] Jestingly prating, talking gibble-gabble.—‘*Leglin*] Can, or milking-pail.—‘*Swan-kies*]

In har'it at the shearing, nae swankies are jeering,
 Our bansters are wrinkled and lyard and grey :
 At a fair or a preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching,
 Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

At e'en in the glooming, nae youngsters are
 roaming.
 'Bout stacks with the lasses at boggles to play ;
 But ilka lass fits dreary, lamenting her deary,
 Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

Dool and wae fa' the order—sent our lads to the
 border !
 The English for once by a guile won the day :
 The flowers of the forest, that shone aye the fore-
 most,
 The pride of our land now ligs cauld in the clay !

We'll ha' nae mair liling, at the ewes milking,
 Our women and bairns now sit dowie and wae :
 There's nought heard but moaning in ilka green
 loning,
 Since the flowers of the forest are weeded away.

kies] Swains.—' *Bansters*] Bandsters, binders-up of
 the shaves.—' *Lyard*] Hoary : being all old men.
 —' *A preaching*] A preaching in Scotland is not
 unlike a country fair.—' *Fleeching*] Fawning; flat-
 tering.—' *Glooming*] Glimmering, twilight.—Do
 you remember Chatterton's note on *glommed*, in
 my letter about him?—' *Dool*] Dolour, sorrow.—'
 ' *Wae fa'*] Woe befall, evil betide.—' *Ligs*] Lies.'

LETTER

L E T T E R LIII.

To the Same.

24th February, 1779.

Since we parted yesterday I have thought a good deal of what we talked about. Though I did not promise to write to you till to-morrow, I take up my pen you see this morning. The business that is to forward our marriage (which can alone make me happy, and remove that melancholy you observe) cannot be done till evening—so I may as well spend this morning in talking to you upon paper.

The manner in which you account for the self-destruction of that most wonderful boy Chatterton is physical, I assure you, as well as sensible. Tislot, in his Essay on the Diseases incident to Literary Persons, starts from ideas very much like yours, only they are wrapped up in harder words. You shall see :

I

When

When the mind, a long time occupied, has forcibly impressed an action upon the brain, she is unable to repress that forcible action. The shock continues after its causes; and, re-acting upon the mind, makes it experience ideas which are truly delirious: for they no longer answer to the external impressions of objects, but to the internal disposition of the brain, some parts of which are now become incapable to receive the new movements transmitted to it by the senses.

The brain of Pascal was so vitiated by passing his life in the laborious exercises of study, thought, and imagination, that certain fibres, agitated by incessant motion, made him perpetually feel a sensation which seemed to be excited by a gulph of fire situated on one side of him; and his reason, overpowered by the disorder of his nerves, could never banish the idea of this fiery abyss. Spinello painted the fall of the rebel angels, and gave so fierce a countenance to Lucifer, that he was struck with horror himself; and during the remainder of his life, his imagination was continually haunted by the figure of that dæmon, upbraiding him with having made his portrait so hideous. Gaspar Barlaeus, the orator, poet, and physician, was not ignorant of these dangers. He warned his friend Hughens against them: but blind with regard to himself, by immoderate studies he so weakened his
brain,

brain, that he thought his body was made of butter, and carefully shunned the fire, lest it should melt him; till at last, worn out with his continual fears, he leapt into a well. Peter Jurieu, so famous in theological dispute, and for his commentary on the Apocalypse, disordered his brain in such a manner that, though he thought like a man of sense in other respects, he was firmly persuaded his frequent fits of the cholic were occasioned by a constant engagement between seven horsemen who were shut up in his belly. There have been many instances of literary persons who thought themselves metamorphosed into lanterns; and who complained of having lost their thighs.

No one can deny that Chatterton must have gone through as much wear and tear of the imagination as any person Tissot mentions. But I would give a good deal, were it possible for me never again to think about Chatterton, or about his death, as long as I live—for I never do without being miserable.

What you let fall about the propensity of the English to suicide, is not true; though a very popular idea. And yet I

will relate to you, in the words of another person, an instance of English suicide much more cool and deliberate than any you ever heard, I dare say. It is a fact, and happened in 1732.

Richard Smith, a book-binder, and prisoner for debt within the liberties of the King's-bench, persuaded his wife to follow his example, in making away with herself, after they had murdered their little infant. This wretched pair were, in the month of April, found hanging in their bed-chamber at about a yard's distance from each other; and in a separate apartment, the child lay dead in a cradle. They left two papers inclosed in a short letter to their landlord, whose kindness they implored in favour of their dog and cat. They even left money to the porter who should carry the inclosed papers to the person to whom they were addressed. In one of these the husband thanked that person for the marks of friendship he had received at his hands; and complained of the ill offices he had undergone from a different quarter. The other papers, subscribed by the husband and wife, contained the reasons which induced them to act such a tragedy on themselves and their offspring. This letter was altogether surprising for the calm resolution, the good humour, and the propriety, with
which

which it was written. They declared, that they withdrew themselves from poverty and rags; evils that, through a train of unlucky accidents, were become inevitable. They appealed to their neighbours for the industry with which they had endeavoured to earn a livelihood. They justified the murder of their child, by saying, it was less cruelty to take her with them, than to leave her friendless in the world, exposed to ignorance and misery. They professed their belief and confidence in an Almighty God, the fountain of goodness and beneficence, who could not possibly take delight in the misery of his creatures: they therefore resigned up their lives to him without any terrible apprehensions; submitting themselves to those ways, which, in his goodness, he should appoint after death.— These unfortunate suicides had been always industrious and frugal, invincibly honest, and remarkable for conjugal affection.

This tragedy I have shown you, because I think France, lively France, in whose language suicide is an *Anglicism*, can supply me with an anecdote as authentic of something still more cool and more deliberate, since the motives to the crime (to which no motive can be sufficiently strong) were so much weaker.—

On the day before Christmas-day, 1773, about eleven o'clock, two soldiers came to the Cross-Bow Inn at St. Dennis, and ordered dinner. Bordeaux, one of the soldiers, went out and bought a little paper of powder, and a couple of bullets, observing to the person who sold them to him, that St. Dennis seemed to be so pleasant a place, he should not dislike to spend the remainder of his life there. Returning to the Inn, he and his companion passed the day together very merrily. One Christmas-day they again dined as merrily, ordered wine, and about five o'clock in the afternoon, were found by the fire, on breaking open the door, sitting on the opposite sides of a table, whereon were three empty champaign bottles, the following will and letter, and a half crown. They were both shot through the head; two pistols lay upon the floor. The noise of the pistols brought up the people of the house, who immediately sent for M. de Rouilleres, the commandant of the *maréchaussée* at St. Dennis.

The

The will I translated myself from a formal copy, which was taken for a friend of mine at St. Dennis, in 1774.

The W I L L.

A man who knows he is to die, should take care to do every thing which his survivors can wish him to have done. We are more particularly in that situation. Our intention is to prevent uneasiness to our host, as well as to lighten the labours of those whom curiosity, under pretence of form and order, will bring hither to pay us visits.

Humain is the bigger, and I, Bordeaux, am the lesser of the two.

He is drum-major of *mestre de camp* des dragons, and I am simply a dragoon of Belzunce.

Death is a passage. I address to the gentleman of the law of St. Dennis (who, with his first clerk as assistant, must come hither for the sake of justice) the principle, which, joined to the reflexion that every thing must have an end, put these pistols into our hands. The future presents nothing to us but what is agreeable——Yet that future is short, and must end.

Humain is but 24 years of age; as for me, I have not yet completed four lustres. No particular reason forces us to interrupt our career, except the

the disgust we feel at existing for a moment under the continual apprehension of ceasing to exist. An eternity is the point of re-union ; a longing after which leads us to prevent the despotic act of fate. In fine, disgust of life is our sole inducement to quit it.

If all those who are wretched would dare to divest themselves of prejudice, and to look their destruction in the face, they would see it is as easy to lay a side existence as to through off an old coat, the colour of which displeases. The proof of this may be referred to our experience.

We have enjoyed every gratification in life, even that of obliging our fellow-creatures. We could still procure to ourselves gratifications : but all gratifications must have a period. That period is our poison. We are disgusted at the perpetual sameness of the scene. The curtain is dropped ; and we leave our parts to those who are weak enough to feel an inclination to play them a few hours longer,

Two or three grains of powder will soon break the springs of this moving mass of flesh, which our haughty fellow-creatures stile the King of Beings.

Messrs. the officers of justice, our carcases are at your discretion. We despise them too much to give ourselves any trouble about what becomes of them.

As

As to what we shall leave behind us—for myself, Bordeaux, I give to M. de Rouilleres, commandant of the maréchaussée at St. Dennis my steel-mounted sword. He will recollect, that, last year, about this very day, as he was conducting a recruit, he had the civility to grant me a favour for a person of the name of St. Germain, who had offended him,

The maid of the inn will take my pocket and neck-handkerchiefs, as well as the silk stockings which I now have on, and all my other linen whatever.

The rest of our effects will be sufficient to pay the expence of the uselefs law proceedings of which we shall be the subject.

The half crown upon the table will pay for the last bottle of wine which we are going to drink.

At St. Dinnis,
Christmas-day, 1773.

Bordeaux.
Humain.

Of the following letter from Bordeaux to his lieutenant in the regiment of Belzunce, I have not seen the french; I cannot therefore answer for the translation, which does not appear to have been done carefully. Another friend supplied me with it. You shall have it as I had it from him.

“ Sir,

During my residence at Guise, you honoured me with your friendship. It is time that I thank you. You have often told me I appeared displeased with my situation. It was sincere, but not absolutely true. I have since examined myself more seriously, and acknowledge myself entirely disgusted with every state of man, the whole world, and myself. From these discoveries a consequence should be drawn: if disgusted with the whole, renounce the whole. The calculation is not long. I have made it without the aid of geometry. In short, I am on the point of putting an end to the existence that I have possessed for near twenty years, fifteen of which it has been a burden to me; and, from the moment that I write, a few grains of powder will destroy this moving mass of flesh, which we vain mortals call the King of Beings.

“ I owe no one an excuse. I deserted, that was a crime; but I am going to punish it; and the law will be satisfied.

“ I asked leave of absence from my superiors, to have the pleasure of dying at my ease. They never condescended to give me an answer. This served to hasten my end.

“ I wrote to Bord to send you some detached pieces I left at Guise, which I beg you to accept. You will find they contain some well-chosen

sen

fen literature. These pieces will solicit for me a place in your remembrance.

“ Adieu, my dear lieutenant! continue your esteem for St. Lambert and Dorat. As for the rest, skip from flower to flower, and acquire the sweets of all knowledge, and enjoy every pleasure.

“ Pour moi, j’ arrive au trou

“ Qui n’échappe ni fage ni fou,

“ Pour aller je ne sçais où.

“ If we exist after this life, and it is forbidden to quit it without permission, I will endeavour to procure one moment to inform you of it ; if not, I should advise all those who are unhappy, which is by far the greatest part of mankind, to follow my example.

“ When you receive this letter, I shall have been dead at least 24 hours.

With esteem, &c.

Bordeaux.”

Is there any thing like this in English story ?

If we exist after this life—Ah, my brave Bordeaux, that is the question ; and a question which even you could not answer in the *negative*.

—————There’s

in their hearing; almost always in such a manner that they may be the first spectators of it. Mr. Y. Lord F. Mr. S. Lord C. Mr. B. are cruel instances of this. Oh for omnipotence to call such savages back to life, and chain them to the hardest tasks of existence! Is not the crime of suicide sufficient, without adding to it the *murder* of a heart-broken wife or child? Hence you may, perhaps, draw an argument that every suicide is a madman. For my part, I have no doubt of it; and if Humain had fallen into the hands of a friend less mad than Bordeaux, he might have lived to have fought another day.

And here ends a long, dull letter, about a short, entertaining conversation (on your part at least). Don't stay long out of town, or I shall write you *madder* notes than you received during the week I was at ———. When I think of you, I am mad — What must I be when I have reason to think (or fancy so) that you don't think of me? G. is gone.

• L E T •

L E T T E R LIV.

To the Same.

1 March, 1779.

Though we meet to-morrow, I must write you two words to-night, just to say, that I have all the hopes in the world ten days, at the utmost, will complete the business. When that is done, your only objection is removed along with your debts; and we may, surely, then be happy, and be so *soon*. In a month, or *six weeks at furthest*, from this time, I might certainly call you mine. Only remember that my *character*, now I have taken orders, makes expedition necessary. By to-night's post I shall write into Norfolk about the alterations at *our* parsonage.—To-morrow.—G.'s friendship is more than I can ever return.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R LV.

TO CHARLES——.Esq.

20 March, 1779.

Your coming to town, my dear friend, will answer no end. G. has been such a friend to me, it is not possible to doubt her information.——What interest has she to serve? Certainly none. Look over the letters, with which I have so pestered you for these two years, about this business. Look at what I have written to you about G. since I returned from Ireland. She can only mean *well* to me. Be not apprehensive. Your friend will take no step to disgrace himself. What I shall do I know not. Without her I do not think I can exist. Yet I will be, you shall see, a *man*, as well as a lover. Should there be a rival, and should he merit chastisement, I know you'll be my friend. But I'll have ocular proof of every thing before I believe.

Your's ever.

L E T-

L E T T E R LVI.

To the Same.

6 April, 1779.

It signifies not. Your reasoning I admit. Despair goads me on. Death only can relieve me. By what I wrote yesterday, you must see my resolution was taken. Often have I made use of my key to let myself into the A. that I might die at her feet. She gave it me as the key of love—Little did she think it would ever prove the key of death. But the loss of Lady H. keeps Lord S. within.

My dear Charles, is it possible for me to doubt G.'s information? Even you were staggered by the account I gave you of what passed between us in the Park. What then have I to do, who only lived when she loved me, but to cease to live now she ceases to love? The propriety of suicide, its cowardice, its crime—I have nothing
to

to do with them. All I pretend to prove or to disprove is my misery, and the possibility of my existing under it. Enclosed are the last dying words and confession of poor Capt. J. who destroyed himself not long ago. But these lines are not the things which have determined me. There are many defects in the reasoning of them, though none in the poetry.—His motives are not mine, nor are his principles mine. *His* ills I could have borne. He told me of his inducement poor fellow! But I refused to allow them. Little did I imagine that I should ever have inducements, as I now have, which I *must* allow. These extraordinary lines are said to be his. Yet, from what I knew of him, I am slow to believe it. They strike me as the production of abilities far superior to his; of abilities sent into the world for some particular purpose, and which Providence would not suffer to quit the world in such a manner.

Till within this month, till G's information, I thought of self-murder as you think
of

of it. Nothing now is left for me but to leap the world to come. If it be a crime, as I too much fear, and we are accountable for our passions, I must stand the trial and the punishment. My invention can paint no punishment equal to what I suffer here.

Think of those passions, my friend—those passions of which you have so often, since I knew Miss —, spoken to me and written to me. If you will not let me fly from my misery, will you not let me fly from my passions? They are a pack of blood-hounds which will inevitably tear me to pieces. My carelessness has suffered them to overtake me, and now there is no possibility, but this, of escaping them.—The hand of Nature heaped up every species of combustible in my bosom. The torch of Love has set the heap on fire. I must perish in the flames. At first I might perhaps have extinguished them—now they rage too fiercely. *If* they can be smothered, they can never be got under.

Suppose

Suppose they should consume any other person beside myself. And who is he will answer for passions such as mine?—At present, I am innocent.

Did you ever read D'Arnaud? Let me tell you a story I found in him the other day. It made me shudder at the precipice on which I stand. It determined me to shut the adamantine gates of death against possibility.

Salvini, an Italian (no Englishman *could* commit his crime), in whose mind my mind discovered its relation, becomes intimate with Adelfon, an Englishman of fortune, at Rome. Salvini accompanies him to England, and is introduced by him to Mrs. Rivers and her daughter, his intended wife. Adelfon introduced a rival and a — but you shall hear. Love, who had never before been able to conquer Salvini, now tyrannized over him, as cruelly as he has tyrannized over me. The tale is well worked up. Love leads his victim, by degrees, from one crime to another; till, at last, on the day fixed for Nelly's marriage with Adelfon, Salvini murders her, and endeavours to murder himself. The attendants preserve him, a further victim to justice. He is committed to Newgate—condemned to

to death. Adelfon bribes a jailor to afford Salvini that opportunity to escape, which he twice refuses. He satisfies *human* justice by suffering at Tyburn. Adelfon and Mrs. Rivers increase his crime, by dying of grief in consequence of it.*

Oh Charles—Charles—as yet thy H. is no Salvini. Nor will I murder any but

* When first I read this letter I had never heard of D'Arnaud. I now enquired for such a writer. Still I could not credit Mr. H. Who could believe that poor H.'s story should be related so many years before it happened, under the name of Salvini? But so it is. (*Epreuves du sentiment, par M. D'Arnaud. Maestricht, 1774. Tome 3. 101.*) The circumstance is so remarkable, that a note an hour long might be written upon it. If H.'s story be more complete than Salvini's, it does but show that Nature is a better writer than D'Arnaud. He yields, yet yields only to her pen; and even Nature appears to have borrowed from D'Arnaud.—“What a compliment!” the reader says——“What a writer, to deserve such a compliment!” adds the Editor.

Before poor H. concludes this letter, there is an allusion to the most singular scene which Rousseau has so wonderfully painted. *La nouvelle Héloïse*, Lettre 17.

myself

myself.—As yet the devil has not tempted me to plunge my *Eloise* along with me into the unfathomable depths of destruction.—Take the lines I mentioned. They are too good for the bad cause they were written to defend.—My watch I have sealed up for you: wear it for my sake. Crop has been a faithful servant to me, accept of him; and when he is too old to carry you, let him have the run of your park. He once (how happy was I that day!)—he once bore the precious burden of her for whom I die. Already have I bid you solemnly farewell. It shall not be repeated. While I *do* live,

Your own

H.

Averse from life, nor well resolv'd to die,
 Us'd but to murmur, I retain my breath—
 Yet pant, enlarg'd from this dull world, to try
 The hospitable, though cold, arms of death.

What future joys should bid me wish to live?
 What flattering dreams of better days remain?
 What prospect can obscure existence give,
 A recompence for penury and pain?

Is

Is there an hope that o'er this unton'd frame
Awaken'd health her wonted glow shall spread?
Is there a path to pleasure, wealth, or fame,
Which sickness, languor, and remorse can tread?

Then wherefore should I doubt? what should I
fear?

Why for a moment longer bear my grief?
Behold! my great deliverer is near!
Immediate as I wish, his prompt relief.

O instance strange of free, but blinded will,
Discufs'd so much, so little understood,
To bear the certainty of present ill,
Before the uncertain chance of ill or good!

But what that chance? Why, be it what it may,
Still 'tis a chance: and here my woes are sure
Yet think these woes are sorrows of a day,
While those to all eternity endure.——

Think on the horrors of eternal pain!
Imagination startles at the name;
Nor can impress upon the labouring brain
Duration endless still, and still the same.——

Well hast thou said—nor can it be impress'd.
Hath blind credulity that abject slave,
Who thinks his nothingness, for ever blest'd,
Shall hold eternal triumph o'er the grave?

When

When oceans cease to roll, rocks melt away,
Atlas and *Ætna* sink into the plain,
The glorious sun, the elements decay,
Shall man, creation's flimsiest work, remain?

What shall remain of man?—this outward frame?
Soon shall it moulder to its native dust——
Or haply that unbodied subtle flame
Which occupies and animates the bust?

Let but a finger ache, the kindred soul
Its intimate alliance shall perceive:
Let ultimate destruction grasp the whole,
The soul immortal and unchang'd shall live.

Stop but one conduit, and the tone is lost;—
But burst each pipe, and tear up every key,
Then shall the decomposed organ's ghost
Swell the loud peal of endless harmony.——

So shall that quality, whose powers arise
From various parts by nicest art arrang'd,
With every shock they suffer sympathize;
But after their destruction live unchang'd.—

So much for argument—the legends vain
Of priestly craft reach not th'ingenious mind—
Let knaves invent, and folly will maintain,
The wildest system that deludes mankind.

Did

Did there exist the very hell they paint ;
 Were there the very heaven they desire ;
 'Twere hard to choose, a devil or a saint,
 Eternal sing-fong or eternal fire.

Ye idle hopes of future joys farewell !
 Farewell ye groundless fears of future woe !
 Lo, the sole argument on which to dwell ;
 Shall I, or shall I not, this life forego !

I know the storm that waits my destin'd head,
 The trifling joys I yet may hope to reap,
 The momentary pang I have to dread,
 The state of undisturb'd, undreaming sleep—

Then all is known—and all is known too well,
 Or to distract, or to delay my choice :
 No hopes solicit, and no fears rebel
 Against mine ultimate, determin'd voice.

Had I suspicions that a future state
 Might yet exist, as haply I have none—
 'Twere worth the cost, to venture on my fate,
 Impell'd by curiosity alone.

Sated with life, and amply gratify'd
 In every varied pleasure life can give,
 One sole enjoyment yet remains untry'd,
 One only novelty—to cease to live.

Not

Not yet reduc'd a scornful alms to crave,
 Not yet of those with whom I liv'd the sport;
 No great man's pander, parasite, or slave—
 O Death, I seek thy hospitable port.

Thou, like the virgin in her bridal sheet,
 Seemest prepar'd, consenting, kind, to lie;
 The happy bridegroom I, with hasty feet,
 Fly to thine arms in rapt'rous extasy.

L E T T E R LVII.

To Mr. B——.

7 April, 1779.

My dear F.

When this reaches you I shall be no more,
 but do not let my unhappy fate distress
 you too much. I strove against it as long
 as possible, but it now overpowers me.
 You know where my affections were plac-
 ed; my having by some means or other
 lost her's (an idea which I could not support)
 has driven me to madness. The world
 will condemn me, but your heart will pity
 me. God bless you, my dear F. Would

K

I had

I had a sum of money to leave you, to convince you of my great regard! You were almost my only friend. I have hid one circumstance from you, which gives me great pain. I owe Mr. W. of Gosport one hundred pounds, for which he has the writings of my houses; but I hope in God, when they are sold, and all other matters collected, there will be nearly enough to settle your account. May almighty God bless you and *your's*, with comfort and happiness; and may you ever be a stranger to the pangs I now feel! May Heaven protect my beloved woman, and forgive this act, which alone could relieve me from a world of misery I have long endured! Oh! if it should be in your power to do her any act of friendship, remember your faithful friend,

J. H.

L E T

L E T T E R LVIII.

TO CHARLES ———, Esq.

Tothil-fields.
8 April, 1779.

I am alive—and she is dead. I shot her, and not myself. Some of her blood and brains is still upon my cloaths. I don't ask you to speak to me, I don't ask you to look at me. Only come hither, and bring me a little poison ; such as is strong enough. Upon my knees, I beg, if your friendship for me ever was sincere, do, *do*, bring me some poison.

L E T T E R LIX.

To the Same.

9 April 79.

Your note just now ; and the long letter I received at the same time, which should have found me the day before yesterday, have changed my resolution. The

K 2

promise

promise you desire, I most solemnly give you. I will make no attempt upon my life. Had I received your comfortable letter when you meant I should. I verily do not think this would have happened.

Pardon what I wrote to you about the poison. Indeed I am too composed for any such thing now. Nothing should tempt me. My death is all the recompence I can make to the laws of my country. Dr. V. has sent me some excellent advice, and Mr. H. has refuted all my false arguments. Even such a being as I finds friends.

Oh, that my feelings and his feelings would let me see my *dearest* friend. Then I would tell you how this happened.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R LX.

To the Same.

Newgate,
14 April, 1779.

My best thanks for all your goodness since this day se'nnight. Oh, Charles; this is about the time. I cannot write.

My trial comes on either Friday or Saturday. It will be indeed a trial. God (whom I have so outraged) can alone tell how I shall go through it. My resolution is not fixed as yet about pleading guilty. The arguments by which they tell me I may escape that death so much my due, I certainly will not suffer to be used. My present situation of mind you may collect from the enclosed copy of what I mean to say, if I continue in the resolution, in which I yesterday wrote you word I was, of pleading not guilty.

K 3

" My

“ My Lord,

I should not have troubled the Court with the examination of witnesses to support the charge against me, had I not thought the pleading guilty to the indictment would give an indication of condemning death, not suitable to my present condition ; and would, in some measure, make me accessory to a second peril of my life. And I likewise thought that the justice of my country ought to be satisfied, by suffering my offences to be proved, and the fact to be established by evidence.

I stand here the most wretched of human beings! and confess myself criminal in a high degree. I acknowledge *with shame and repentance* that my determination against my own life was formal and complete. I protest, with that regard to truth which becomes my situation, that the will to destroy her, who was ever dearer to me than life, was never mine until a momentary frenzy overcame me, and induced me to commit the deed I deplore.—The letter which I meant for my brother-in-law, after my decease, will have its due weight, as to this point, with good men.

Before this dreadful act, I trust, nothing will be found in the tenor of my life, which the common charity of mankind will not readily excuse. I have no wish to avoid the punishment which the laws of my country appoint for my crime ; but, being already too unhappy to feel a punishment in death,

death, or a satisfaction in life, I submit myself to the disposal and judgment of Almighty God, and to the consequences of this enquiry into my conduct and intention."

Whatever the world may think, you, I know, believe that I had no intention against her till the *very instant*. The account I wrote to you of the shocking business since it happened, was the real truth. All Tuesday, after I had finished my letter to you, I in vain sought for an opportunity to destroy myself in her presence. So, again, on the Wednesday, all the morning. In the afternoon, after dining at poor B.'s, I saw Lord S.'s coach pass by the Cannon Coffee-house, where I was watching for it. I followed it to G.'s (inhuman, and yet not guilty G.!) From her house I saw it take them to the play. Now, I was determined; and went to my lodgings, for my pistols, where I wrote a letter to B. which I put into my pocket, intending to send it; but, as I forgot it, the letter was found there. When I returned to

Covent-Garden, I waited for the conclusion of the play, in the Bedford Coffee-House. What a figure must I have been! Indeed, I overheard one gentleman say to a friend, that I looked as if I was out of my senses. Oh, how I wished for the play to be over! I had charged my pistols with the kindest letter she ever wrote me; a letter which made me the happiest of mortals, and which had ever since been my talisman. At last, arrived the end of the play, and the beginning of my tragedy. I met them in the stone passage, and had then got the pistol to my forehead, but she did not see me, (nor did any one, I suppose.) And the crowd separated us. This accident I considered as the immediate intervention of Providence. I put up my pistol, turned about, and should (I most firmly believe) have gone out the other way, and have laid aside my horrid resolution, had I not looked round and seen Mr. M. (whom I immediately construed into the favoured lover described by G.) offer her a hand, which I thought

thought was received with particular pleasure. The stream of my passions, which had been stopped, now overwhelmed me with redoubled violence. It hurried me after them. Jealousy suggested a new crime and nerved anew the arm of despair. I overtook them at the carriage, and—— and, at about the time I am now writing this, felt more than all the tortures of all the damned together.

What shall I not feel at the necessary recital of the tragedy, at my trial!

L E T T E R. LXI.

To Mr. ——, in Newgate.

17 April, 1793

If the murderer of Miss —— wishes to live, the man he has most injured will use all his interest to procure his life.

L E T T E R LXII.

The Condemned-cell, in Newgate,
17 April, 1779.

The murderer of her whom he preferred, far preferred, to life, suspects the hand from which he has just received such an offer as he neither desires nor deserves. His wishes are for death, not for life. One wish he has. Could he be pardoned in this world by the man he has most injured—Oh, my lord, when I meet her in another world, enable me to tell her (if departed spirits are ignorant of earthly things) that you forgive us both, that you will be a father to her dear infants ! J. H.

L E T T E R LXIII.

TO CHARLES ———, Esq.

What follows, in small type, was written upon different papers which he sealed up for his friend on the fatal morning. The dates are preserved, but the contents of the papers are here put together as one letter.

Newgate,

Newgate, Saturday Night,
17 April, 1779.

My dear Charles!

The clock has just struck eleven. All has, for some time, been quiet within this sad abode. Would that all were so within my sadder breast!

That gloominess of my favourite Young's *Night Thoughts*, which was always so congenial to my soul, would have been still heightened, had he ever been wretched enough to hear St. Paul's clock thunder through the still ear of night, in the condemned walls of Newgate. The sound is truly solemn—it seems the sound of death.

O that it were death's sound! How greedily would my impatient ears devour it!

And yet—but one day more. Rest, rest, perturbed spirit, till then.

And then—

My God, my creator, my first father! Thou who madest me as I am; with these feelings, these passions, this heart!—Thou, who art all might, and all mercy!—Well thou knowest I did not, like too many of thy creatures, persuade myself there was no God, before I persuaded myself I had a right over my life—O then, my father, put me not eternally from thy paternal presence! It is not punishments, nor pains, nor hell, I fear: what a man can bear, I can. My fear is to be deemed ungrateful.

grateful to thy goodness, to be thought unworthy thy presence, to be driven from the-light of thy countenance.

Well thou knowest I could not brook the thoughts of wanting gratitude to things beneath me in the creation ; to a dog, a horse: almost to things inanimate ; a tree, a book. And thinkest thou that I could bear the charge of want of gratitude to thee!

And, might—O might I resign the joys of the other world, which neither eye can see, nor tongue can speak, nor imagination dream, for an eternal existence of love and bliss with her, whom——

Presumptuous murderer ! The bliss you ask were paradise.——

My father, who art in heaven, I bow before thy mercy ; and patiently abide my sentence.

These papers which will be delivered to you after my death, my dear friend, are not letters. Nor know I what to call them. They will exhibit, however, the picture of a heart which has ever been your's more than any other man's.

How have I seen the poor soul affected at that recitative of Iphis in her favourite Jephtha !

“ Ye

“ Ye sacred priests, whose hands ne’er yet were
stained

“ With human blood!”

To think that I should be her priest, her murderer! In one of her letters she tells me, I recollect, that she could die with pleasure by my hand, she is sure she could. Poor soul! Little did she think——

It is odd, but I know for a certainty that this recitative and the air which follows it, “ Farewel, &c.” were the last words she ever sung. Now I must say, and *may* say, *experimentally*——

“ Farewell, thou busy world, where reign

“ Short *hours* of joy, and *years* of pain!”

I *may not* add——

“ Brighter scenes I seek above,

“ In the realms of peace and *love*.”

Love! gracious God, this word in this place, at this time!

Oh!

Newgate, Sunday, 18 April, 79.
4 in the morning.

O, Charles, Charles—torments, tortures! Hell, and worfe than hell!

When I had finished my last scrap of paper, I thought I felt myself composed, resigned. Indeed, I was so—I am so now.

I threw my wearied body—wearied, Heaven knows, more than any labourer's, with the workings of my mind—upon the floor of my dungeon.

Sleep came uncalled, but only came to make me more completely cursed.

This world was past, the next was come; but, after that, no other world. All was revealed to me. My eternal sentence of mental misery (from which there was no flight) of banishment from the presence of my father, of more than poetry e'er feigned or weakness feared, was past, irrevocably past.

Her verdict too of punishment was pronounced, Yes, Charles—she, she was punished—and by whose means punished?

Even in her angel mind were failings, which it is not wonderful I never saw, since Omniscience, it seemed, could hardly discern them. O, Charles, these foibles, so few, so undiscernible, were still, I thought in my dream, to be expiated. For my
hand

hand sent her to heaven before her time, with all her few foibles on her head.

Charles, I saw the expiation—these eyes beheld her undergo the heavenly punishment.

That past, she was called, I thought, to the reward of her ten thousand virtues.

Then, in very deed, began my hell, my worse than woman ever dreamed of hell. Charles, I saw her, as plainly as I see the bars of my dungeon, through which the eye of day looks upon me now for almost the last time. Her face, her person were still more divine than when on earth—they were cast anew, in angel moulds. Her mind too I beheld, as plainly as her face; and all its features. That was the same—that was not capable of alteration for the better.

But, what saw I else? That mind, that person, that face, that angel—was in the bosom of another angel. Between us was a gulph, a gulph impassible! I could not go to her, neither could she come to me.

No—nor did she wish it. There was the curse.

Charles, she saw me, where I was, steeped to the lips in misery. She saw me; but without a tear, without one sigh.

One sigh from her, I thought—and I could have borne all my sufferings.

A sigh, a tear! She smiled at all my sufferings. Yes, she, even she, enjoyed the tortures,

the

the wrackings of my soul. She bade her companion angel too enjoy them. She seemed to feast upon my griefs; and only turned away her more than damning eyes, to turn them on her more than blest companion.

Flames and brimstone—corporal sufferance—were paradise to such eternal mental hell as this.

Oh! how I rejoiced, how I wept, sobbed with joy, when I awoke, and discovered it was only a dream, and found myself *in the condemned cell of Newgate.*

Mr. H. and Dr. V. neither of whom you know, I believe, are exceedingly kind to me. The latter writes to me, the former sees me, continually. Your poor H. finds more friends than he merits.

Among my papers you will see some lines I wrote on reading *Goethe's* * "*Werther*," translated from German into French, which, while I was in Ireland,

* Extract from the French Translator's preface to *Werther*.

(*Werther*, traduit de l'Allemande, Maestricht. 1776. Second partie, p. 229.)

Jeune homme sensible! quand tu éprouveras la première atteinte de la plus violente des passions pour un objet qui ne peut être à toi, tu diras: tel étoit

land, she refused to lend me. When I returned to England, I *made* her let me read it. But I never shewed these lines to her, for fear they should make her uneasy.—Unhappy Werther ! * Still less pretence hadst thou for suicide than I. After quietly seeing thy Charlotte marry another man, without so much as *offering* to marry her thyself ; hadst thou a right over thy existence because she was not thy wife ? Yet wast thou less barbarous than I, for thou didst not seek to die in her presence—but neither didst thou doubt her love.—We can neither of us hope for pardon.

Lines found, after Werther's death, upon the ground by the pistol:

If chance some kindred spirit should relate
To future times unhappy Werther's fate ;
Should, in some pitying, almost pardoning age,
Consign my sorrows to some weeping page—
And

étoit l'état de Werther, le premier jour qu'il vit Charlotte. Ah ! si je revois cet objet qui porte le trouble dans mes sens, je l'adorerai tous les jours davantage ; bientôt je souffrirai les tourments que Werther éprouva, bientôt la langueur ou le désespoir termineront ma malheureuse carrière ! Ou plus infortuné

* *Vide, Sorrows of Werther, lately published by C. Jackson.*

And should the affecting page be haply read
 By some new Charlotte, mine will then be dead—
 (Yes, she shall die—sole solace of my love!
 And we shall meet, for so she said, above)—
 O, Charlotte, M——, by whatever name
 Thy faithful Werther hands thee down to fame—
 O be thou sure thy Werther never knows
 The fatal story of my kindred woes!
 O do not, fair one—by my shocking end
 I charge thee!—do not let thy feeling friend
 Shed his sad sorrows o'er my tearful tale:—
 Example, spite of precept, may prevail.

Nay, much loved M. though a fond desire -
 To prove thy husband, prove thy childrens' fire;
 Tho' these, and other duties, thou must know,
 Would hold his hand from death's forbidden
 blow—

fortuné encore, peut-être la vertu s'éloignera de
 mon cœur; je chercherai à séduire cette femme;
 and si mes efforts sont vains, je massacrerai son
 époux—*elle même*—Fuyons! évitons le crime, ou
 l'infortune: allons chercher dans d'autres climats
 l'oubli d'un objet trop dangereux, & la jouissance
 de plaisirs moins funestes.

And yet, *Elle même* had no effect on H.

Yet

Yet might my gloomy tale full surely shroud
His brightest day in melancholy's cloud ;
Yet might thy H. lead, to his last breath
A life more shocking than even Werther's death.

Newgate, Sunday, 18 April, 79,
5 o'clock in the afternoon.

Since I wrote to you this morning I have more than once taken up my pen. For what can I do, which affords me more pleasure than writing to such a friend as you are, and have been, to me ?

Pleasure! Alas, what business has such a wretch as I with such a word as that ? However, pouring myself out to you thus upon paper is, in some measure, drawing off my sorrows—it is not thinking.

Cruel G. ! And yet I can excuse her. She knew not of what materials I was made. Lord S. wished to preserve a treasure which any one would have prized. G. was employed to preserve the treasure. And she suspected not that my soul, my existence, were wrapped up in it.

O, my dear Charles, that you could prevail upon yourself to visit this sad place ! And yet—our mutual feelings would render the visit useless. So --it is better thus.

Now

Now, perhaps, you are enjoying a comfortable and happy meal. There, again, my misfortunes! Of happiness and comfort, for the present, I have robbed you. H. has murdered happiness.

But this is the hour of dinner. How many are now comfortable and happy? While I——

How many, again, with every thing to make them otherwise, are, at this moment, miserable!

The meat is done too little, or too much—(Should the pen of fancy ever take the trouble to invent letters for me, I should not be suffered to write to you thus, because it would seem *unnatural*. Alas—they know not how gladly a wretch like me forgets himself)—The servant, I say, has broken something—some *friend* (as the phrase is) does not make his promised appearance, and consequently is not eye-witness of the unnecessary dishes which the family pretends to be able to afford—or some *friend* (again) drops in unexpectedly, and surprizes the family with no more dishes upon the table than are necessary.

Ye home-made wretches, ye ingenious inventors of ills, before ye suffer yourselves to be soured and made miserable, for the whole remainder of this Sunday, by some trifle or another, which does not deserve the name of accident, look here—behold, indeed, that misery of which your discontentedness complains!

Peep

Peep through the grate of this my only habitation, ye who have town-houses and country-houses. Look into my soul—recollect in how few hours I am to die, die in what manner, die for what offence;

Now, go, be cross and quarrel with your wives, or your husbands, or your children, or your guests—begin to curse and to swear—and call Almighty God to witness that you are the most miserable, unlucky, wretches upon the face of the earth—because the meat is roasted half a dozen turns too much, or because your cooks have not put enough of seasoning into your pies.

I was obliged to lay down my pen. Such a picture as this, in which myself made the principal figure, was rather too much.

Good God!—to look back over the dreadful interval between to-day and last October two years. What a tale would it make of woe! Take warning from me, my fellow creatures, and do not love like H.

Still,

Still, Sunday.
7 o'clock.

When these loose, incoherent papers shall come into your hands after my death, it will afford you some consolation to know my temper of mind at last.

Charles, as the awful moment approaches, I feel myself more, and more, and more, composed, and calm, and resigned.

It always, you know, was my opinion, that men could bear a great load of affliction better than a small one. I thought so then—now I am sure of it. This day se'nnight I was mad, perfectly mad. This afternoon I am all mildness.

This day se'nnight!—To look back is death, is hell. 'Tis almost worse than to look forward.

Let me endeavour to get out of myself.

In proof of that opinion which you always ridiculed—go to the gaming table—observe that adventurer, who is come with the last fifty he can scrape together. See—how he gnashes his teeth, bites his fists, and works all his limbs! He has lost the first throw—his 50 are reduced to 40. Observe him now—with what composure his arms are wrapped about him! What a smooth calm has suddenly succeeded to that dreadful storm which so lately

lately tore up his whole countenance! Whence the reason think you? Has fortune failed on him? —Directly the contrary. His 40 are now dwindled away to five. His all, nay more, his very existence, his resolution to live or die, depend upon this throw. Mark him—how calmly, how carelessly he eyes the box. I am not sure he does not almost wish to lose, that he may defy ill-luck, and tell her she has done her worst.

See——

—On a moment's point, th' important dye
Of life and death spins doubtful ere it falls,
And turns up—death.

I'll surrender my opinion for untenable, if a common observer, from his countenance, would not rather point him out as the winner, than the agitated person yonder who really has won.

—Since I wrote what you last read, I caught myself marching up and down my cell with the step of haughtiness; hugging myself in my two arms; and muttering between my grating teeth, “What a *complete wretch* I am!”

But—is there not a God! Did not that God create me? Does not that God know my heart, my whole heart? Oh! yes, yes, yes!

To-morrow then—And let to-morrow come—I am prepared.

God

God (who knows my heart, and will judge me, I trust, by that heart) knows it is not with a view to diminish my own guilt, the magnitude and enormity whereof I acknowledge—but—let not those, who survive me, flatter themselves that all the guilt of mankind goes to the grave, to the gallows (gracious heaven) with H.

I shall leave behind me culprits of *the same kind as myself*—culprits who will not make my trifling atonement of an ignominious death. Oh may they see their crimes, and weep over them before they are confronted with the injured parties at the footstool of the throne of the God of heaven!

These are crimes (as indeed are all the crimes of men, however noiseless or inaudible) with which the listening angel flies up to heaven's chancery—but these are not they upon which the recording angel drops a tear as he notes them down. The pencil of eternity engraves such crimes as these on adamantine tablets, which shall endure to the end of time. Mine, mine, perhaps, may head the list.

Be merciful, O God! be merciful!

Reflexion in this world is almost worse than the worst which offended Omnipotence can inflict upon me in the next. I must fly from it.

And

And are there not crimes as bad as mine ? It is little my intention to argue away the badness of my crime,—but there surely are, and worse.

Let that gallant, gay, young gentleman yonder hold up his hand. Yes, sir—you I first arraign. Not for breach of friendship, not for false oaths to credulous virgins, not for innocence betrayed—these are no longer crimes ; these are the accomplishments of our age. Sir, you are indicted for slow and deliberate murder.—Put not on that confident air, that arrogant smile of contempt and defiance. Demand not with a sneer to have the witnesses produced who were present when you struck the stroke of death. Call not aloud for the blood-stained dagger, the dry-drawn bowl, the brain-splashed pistol. Are these the only instruments of death ? You know they are not. Murder is never at a loss for weapons.

Sir, produce your wife.—See, see!—what indignation flashes in his eyes ! A murderer, and the murderer of his wife ! May the calumniator!—Sir, no imprecations, no oaths ; those are what betrayed that wife. You did not plant a dagger in her breast ; but you planted there grief, disease, death. She, sir, who gave you all, was destroyed, was murdered by your ill usage. And not suddenly, not without giving her time to know what was to happen. She saw the lingering stroke, she perceived the impossibility to avoid it ; she felt it tenfold from the hands of a much-loved husband.

L

Were

Were these scraps of paper to be seen by any other eye than your's, common people would wonder that, in proportion as the moment drew nearer, I got further and further from myself. It may be contrary to the rules of criticks, but so it is.—To think, or to write about myself, is death, is hell. My feelings will not suffer me to date these different papers any more.

Let me pay a small tribute of praise—How often have you and I complained of familiarity's blunting the edge of every sense on which she lays her hand? At her bidding, beauty fades even in the eyes of love; and the son of pity smiles at sorrow's bleeding breast. In her presence, who is he that still continues to behold the scene of delight, or that still hears the voice of mourning? What then is the praise of that gaoler, who in the midst of misery, and crimes, and death, sets familiarity at defiance, and still preserves the feelings of a man? The author of the life of *Savage* gives celebrity to the Bristol gaoler, by whose humanity the latter part of that strange man's life was rendered more comfortable. Shall no one give celebrity to the present keeper of Newgate? Mr. Akerman marks every day of his existence, by more than one such deed as this.—Know, ye rich and powerful,

ful, ye who might save hundreds of your fellow-creatures, from starving, by the sweepings of your tables—Know, that, among the various feelings of almost every wretch who quits Newgate for Tyburn, a concern neither last nor least is that which he feels upon leaving the gaol of which this man is the keeper.

But I can now no longer fly from myself. In a few short hours the hand which is now writing to you, the hand which—

I will not distress either you or myself. My life I owe to the laws of my country, and I will pay the debt. How I felt for poor Dodd! Well—you shall hear that I died like a man and a christian. I cannot have a better trust than in the mercy of an all-just God. And, in your letters, when you shall these unhappy deeds relate, tell of me as I am. I forget the passage, 'tis in Othello.

You must suffer me to mention the tenderness and greatness of mind of my dear B. The last moments of my life cannot be better spent than in recording this complicated act of friendship and humanity. When we parted, a task too much for us both, he asked me if there was any thing for which I wished to live. Upon his pressing me, I acknowledged I was uneasy, very uneasy, lest

Lord S. might withdraw an allowance of 50 pounds a year, which I knew he made to her father. "Then," said B. squeezing my hand, bursting into tears, and hurrying out of the room, "I will allow it him." The affectionate manner in which he spoke of my S. would have charmed you. God for ever bless and prosper him! and my S. and you! and

(The note which follows was written with a pencil. All that was legible is here preserved, though the sense is incomplete.)

L E T T E R LXIV.

To the Same.

My dear Charles,

Farewell for ever in this world! I die a sincere christian and penitent, and every thing I hope that you can wish me. Would it prevent my example's having any bad effect if the world should know how I abhor my former ideas of suicide, my crime,

 will be the best judge. Of
 her

end of last month on the subject of his death, convinces me you will not be angry with me for giving you a sight of these letters. There were *many* more among the papers which he sealed up for me on the morning of his death; but as they are more private, and less necessary to the story, I have destroyed them.

Your memory will, I know, recollect Rochefoucault's reflection—*Si on juge de l'amour par la plu-part de ses effets, il ressemble plus à la haine qu' à l'amitié.*

One very important fact struck me on considering this melancholy business. In our recollection three persons, either extemporaneously or deliberately, have determined to shoot, first the objects of their fury, and then themselves—Stirn, who killed Mathews in 1761; Ceppi, whom H. mentions; and poor H. himself. They all three succeeded in the first instance, and all three failed in the second.

If what I am told be true, what a scene must have been exhibited at the Shakespeare,

peare, soon after the catastrophe! H. was indulged with a sight of her body. While he was contemplating the effect of his madness (for madness it surely must have been) two or three people rushed in, who, arriving too late for the entertainment, heard of the murder, and came to learn the name of the victim. One of these immediately recollected H. — immediately recognized Miss —, was, in fact, Lord S——. What a groupe for painting!

Were it not unnecessary, when his picture is drawn at such full length in these letters, I would give you a sketch of the amiable man, whom, in so many years, and in so many different scenes, I never had occasion but to love till the moment he abhorred himself. To make reflections on his story, would be to write a volume. The pamphlet called “Case and Memoirs” is a miserable business; and may do that very mischief of which H. was aware.

“*It is true,*” we are told by the author, “that
 “in his own life he had a property; and by the
 “laws

“ laws of nature, he might have disposed of it, it
 “ he pleased—but, *it may be said*, he had none in
 “ Miss —’s, and, *as such*, that he had no right
 “ to take it from her. Reason *may* support this
 “ argument ; but is nothing favourable to be said
 “ for a man who prefers death to life, because
 “ that life is made wretched by a capricious and an
 “ ungrateful woman ? Page xi.

How very differently does the poor man
 himself talk in one of his Newgate papers
 to me, which I have to sent you !

“ The torture of my situation is this, that not a
 “ word can be said in my favour, unless you will
 “ say I am mad. But God knows I possess all my
 “ senses and feelings much too exquisitely. Yet
 “ this is not the part of my crime for which I am
 “ always most sorry. Often, very often, I consi-
 “ der my crime with respect to the influence it
 “ may have upon the world. An example repre-
 “ sented in life by vice, has more effect than a pre-
 “ cept preached by virtue. No one will imitate
 “ me in murdering the object of his love, but I
 “ may be considered by despair, or by folly, as
 “ another precedent in favour of the propriety of
 “ suicide. Perhaps, if these instances of despe-
 “ rate cowardice did not go out to this country,
 “ through the channels of our papers, by which
 “ means

“ means they are stored up as authorities against a
 “ disappointment or a gloomy day, suicide would,
 “ with less propriety, be termed an *Anglicism*. Oh
 “ Charles, could the imperceptible, but indisputa-
 “ ble, magnetism of this part of my story be de-
 “ stroyed, could my countrymen know how I abhor
 “ this part of my crime, how thoroughly I was
 “ ever convinced (except during my phrenzy) and
 “ how perfectly I am now persuaded, that *our own*
 “ *lives are no more at our disposal, than the lives of*
 “ *our fellow creatures*, I should expire in something
 “ less of mental torture !”

Worthy soul ! while we abhor, we pity
 and respect : and so will posterity. That
 justice which condemned thee to death can-
 not refuse a sigh, a tear to thy virtues.
 Rest, rest, perturbed spirit ! Thy Charles,
 when time shall have a little healed the
 wound made in his friendship, will find
 some way to tell the world thy dying
 wish.

My dear General,

Ever your's

Charles ——— :

How

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful, is man!
 How passing wonder he who made him such!
 Who centered in our make such strange extremes!
 From different natures marvelously mixt
 Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguisht link in beings endless chain!
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
 Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
 Helpless immortal! Insect infinite!
 A worm! a God!—I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost!

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

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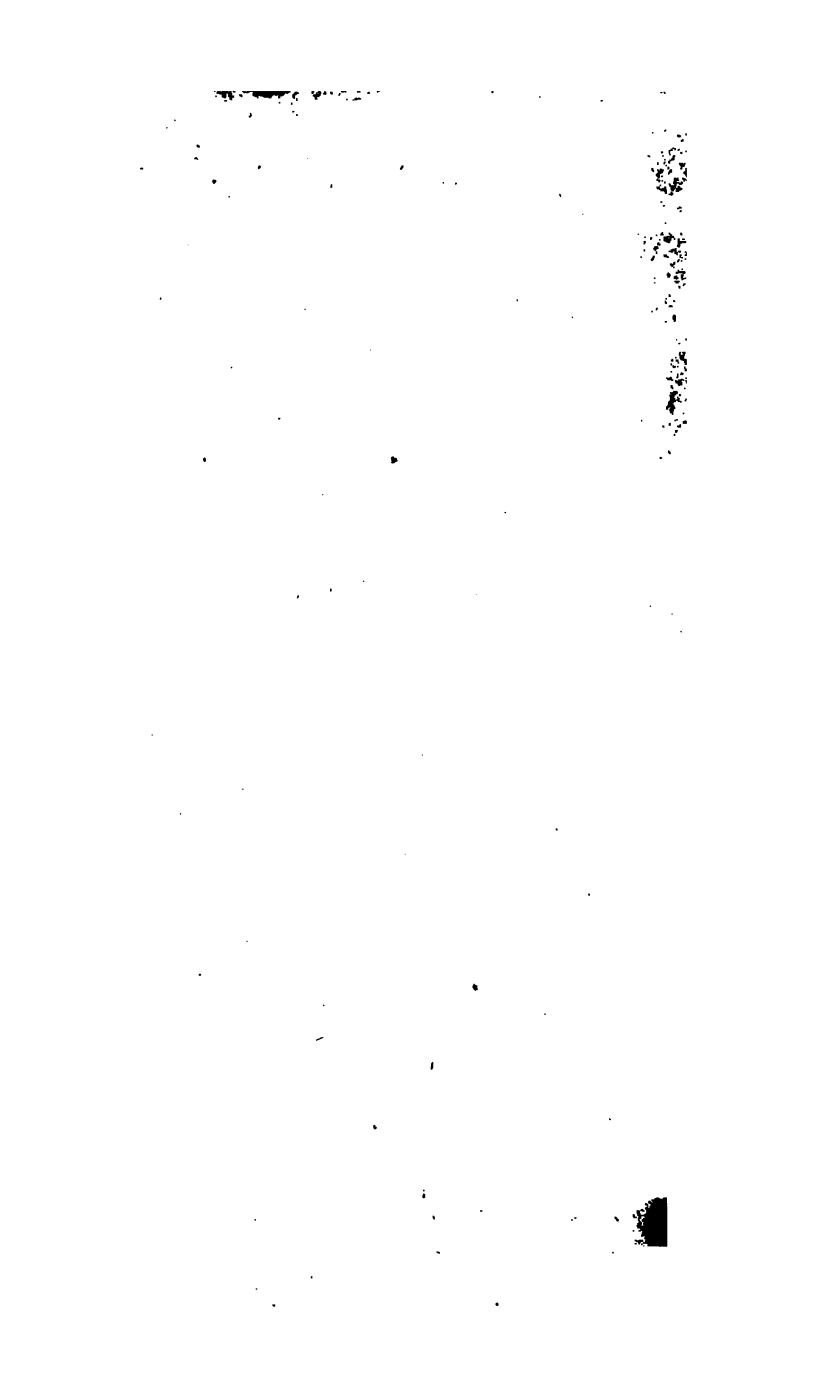
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